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GEORGE STREBECK.

New-York, September, 1797.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

EVANGELICAL HYMNS;

MADE FROM

Different Authors and Collections,

FOR THE

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

IN NEW-YORK.

By GEORGE STREBECK.

And when they had sung an Hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. Mat. xxvi. 30.

NEW-YORK:
Printed by JOHN TIEBOUT, (Homer's-Head)
No. 358, Pearl-Street.

1797.

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EVANGELICAL HYMNS;

FOR THE

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH.

I. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

* I. *Nativity*, 7's.

1 NOW the Saviour comes indeed,
Of the virgin-mother's feed,
To the wonder of mankind,
By the Lord himſelf deſign'd.

2 Not begot like men unclean,
But without the ſtain of ſin:
In our nature God was born,
Us to ſave, who were forlorn.

3 From his chamber forth we went;
Left the glorious element;
And, at once both God and man,
He his bleſſed courſe began.

4 From his father's breaſt he came;
And return'd to him again.
Having firſt our foes to quell,
Triumph'd o'er death and hell.

* II. *The Nativity of Chriſt.* C. M.
Watts's Lyrics.

FIRST PART.

1 SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And ſend your fears away!
News from the region of the ſkies:
Salvation's born to day.

2 Jeſus, the God, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you,
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 Go ſhepherds! where this infant lies,
And ſee his humble throne,
With tears of joy all in your eyes,
Go, ſhepherds! kiſs the ſon.

4 Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtrait around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty ſound:
And thus conclude the ſong:

III. SECOND PART.

5 GLORY to God, that reigns above!
Let peace ſurround the earth:
Mortals ſhall know their maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.

6 Lord, and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O! may we looſe our uſeleſs tongues,
When they forget to praiſe.

7 Glory to God that reigns above!
That pity'd us forlorn.
We join to ſing our maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

* IV. *Angel's Tidings of the Birth of Chriſt.*

7's. Hammond

1 WHAT good news the angels bring?
What glad tidings of our king?
Chriſt the Lord is born to day,
Chriſt, who takes our ſins away.

2 He who rules both heav'n and earth,
Has in Bethlehem his birth;
Him ſhall all the faithful ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hoſannas fill the ſky!
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love!

4 Peace on earth, good will to men,
Now with us our God is ſeen,
Angles join his name to praiſe,
Help to ſing redeeming grace.

* V. *Praiſe for the Incarnation.*

L. M. By Dr. Luther
C. Kinchin to 1782

1 JESUS, all praiſe is due to thee,
That thou waſt pleaſ'd a man to be!
A virgin's womb thou didſt not ſcorn;
Angels rejoice to ſee thee born.

2 He, who earth's foundations laid,
Is now a little infant made;
The Son of God, who fram'd the ſkies,
Now humbly in a manger lies.

3 Th' eternal and almighty God
Aſſumes our feeble fleſh and blood;
He deigns with ſinful man to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel.

4 He is the Sun of righteouſneſs,
Which riſes with reſplendent grace,
And doth diſpel ſin's gloomy night,
That we may ſhare his ſaving light.

5 To grant us pardon, peace and reſt,
He in this world became a gueſt,
And open'd, thro' himſelf, the way
To life and everlaſting day.

6 For therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endleſs bliſs,
With all the ranſom'd ſaints of his.

7 For us theſe wonders hath he wrought,
To ſhew his love, ſurpaſſing thought;
Then let us all unite to ſing
Praiſe to our Saviour, God the King.

VI. *Chriſt Manifeſted.* 7's.

1 SONS of men behold him far,
Hail the long expected ſtar;
Jacob's ſtar that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence, that ill ſhould flow,
Wars of peſtilence below,
Wars and tumults now muſt ceaſe,
Uſh'ring in the prince of peace.

3 Nations all the earth abroad,
Haſte and own th' incarnate God,
Haſte, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifeſted there!

4 There behold the day ſpring riſe,
Pouring light on blinded eyes,
God, in his own light ſurvey,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning ſtars, again,
God deſcends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life t' employ;
Shout, ye Sons of God, for joy.

VII. *The Song of Angels at the Birth of Chriſt.*
Luke ii. 13, 14. C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels, no ſuch love have known,
T' awake a cheerful ſong.

2 Good-will to guilty men is ſhewn,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With meſſages from heaven.

3 Juſtice and grace with ſweet accord,
His riſing beams adorn:
Let Heaven and earth in comfort join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

4 Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains,
In higheſt worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

5 When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms,
Where Chriſt exalted reigns,
And learn of the celeſtial choir,
Their own immortal ſtrains?

VIII. *The Saviour's Advent.*
C. M.

1 BEHOLD! he comes, the Saviour comes,
The promiſ'd ſeed appears;
He, in whom center'd all the hopes,
Of paſt and future years.

2 He comes, from an Abyſs of woes,
To raiſe our ruin'd race,
He bleeds, he dies, that we might ſhare,
The bleſſings of his grace.

3 Wond'rous event, more wond'rous love
Of our incarnate God!
Should we be mute, ſure rocks would wake,
To ſpread his praiſe abroad.

4 Dear Lord, th' o'erflowings of thy grace,
Our flinty boſoms fire,
Our conquer'd hearts now pant for thee,
With an intenſe deſire.

5 Here be thy Throne for ever fix'd,
And this thy laſting reſt;
And be our ſouls beneath thy ſmiles,
Through endleſs ages bleſt.

IX. *Luke* i. 30, &c. *Luke* ii. 10, &c.
S. M. *Watts.*

1 BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wond'rous Virgin bears,
And JESUS is the Child.

2 To bring the glorious News
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherd's of their joys
And baniſhes their fears.

3 "Go, humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

4 "With looks and hearts ſerene,
"Go viſit CHRIST your king;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen;
The ſhepherds heard them ſing,

5 "Glory to GOD on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth:
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth!"

X. *Types and Prophecies of* CHRIST.
L. M. *Watts.*

1 BEHOLD the Woman's promis,d Seed!
Behold the great Meſſiah come!
Behold the Prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior Room!

2 Abra'm, the Saint, rejoic'd of old,
When Viſions of the LORD he ſaw;
Moſes, the Man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his Law.

3 The Types bore Witneſs to his Name,
Obtain'd their chief Deſign, and ceas'd;
The Incenſe and the bleeding Lamb,
The Ark, the Altar, and the Prieſt.

4 Predictions in Abundance meet
To join their Bleſſings on his Head:
JESUS, we worſhip at thy Feet,
And Nations own the promis'd Seed.

XI. *Miracles at the Birth of* CHRIST.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 THE king of glory ſends his ſon
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth!

2 About the young redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe, and led
The eaſtern ſages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the babe, and own'd his name,

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with ſcorn;
Our ſouls adore th' eternal GOD,
Who condeſcended to be born.

XII. CHRIST *the Subſtance of the levitical prieſthood.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 THE true meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 Nor ſmoaking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When GOD himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the Prieſt.

4 He took our mortal fleſh to ſhew
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their ſins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd;"
And then he ſhews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *Praiſe for the Incarnation.* 7's. *Newton.*

1 SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows
Charm me in EMMANUEL'S name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came the angels ſung,
"Glory be to GOD on high;"
LORD, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Who ſhall louder ſing than I?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and ſuffer in my room,
And canſt thou, my tongue, be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Tho' they worthleſs are and weak;
For ſhould I refuſe to ſing
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Huſband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

XIV. *The Nativity.* C. M. D

1 HARK! the glad ſound! Meſſiah comes!
The Saviour, promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

2 He comes the pris'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yeild.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with his righteouſneſs and blood
T'enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hoſanna's, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arch ſhall ring
With thy beloved name.

XV. *Chriſtmas.* 7's.

1 HARK! the herald-angels ſings,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem!

3 Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

5 Mild He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

6 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

XVI. *Come, Lord Jesus.* 8's. 7's.

1 COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee!

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merits
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

XVII. *Christmas Day.* 11's.

1 O JESUS my Saviour, I fain would embrace,
Thy name & thy nature, thy Spirit & grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him whom the nations abhor'd.

2 O wonder of wonders! aſtoniſh'd I gaze,
To ſee in the manger the ancient of days;
And angels proclaiming the ſtranger forlorn,
And telling the ſhepherds that Jeſus is born.

3 My God, my Creator, the heav'ns did bow,
To ranſom offenders, and ſtoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father aſſumes,
And on the kind errand moſt joyfully comes.

4 For thouſands of ſinners the Lord bow'd his head,
For thouſands of ſinners he groan'd and he bled:
My ſpirit rejoices, the work it is done,
My ſoul is redeemed, ſalvation is won.

5 My God is return'd to glory on high;
When death makes a paſſage then to Him I'll fly;
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all ſhall be join'd.

XVIII. *Another.* L. M.

1 YE ſimple men of heart ſincere,
Shepherds, who watch your flocks by night,
Start not to ſee an angel near,
Nor trembling at this glorious light.

2 An herald from the heavenly King
I come, your every fear to chace;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy unto the fallen race.

3 For you is born on this glad day,
A Saviour by our hoſt ador'd;
Our God in Bethlehem ſurvey,
Make haſte to worſhip Chriſt the Lord.

4 By this the Saviour of mankind,
The incarnate God, ſhall be diſplay'd,
In ſwathes the Infant ye ſhall find,
And humbly in the manger laid.

XIX. *Angels Song at the Birth of Chriſt.* Luke 2. C. M.

1 WHILE ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory ſhone around.

2 "Fear not," ſaid he, (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour who is Chriſt the Lord;
"And this ſhall be the ſign:

4 "The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find
"To human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in ſwathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God on high,
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
"Begin and never ceaſe."

II. HYMNS SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF *NEW-YEAR.*

* XX. L. M. Jacob K.

1 WITH this New-Year we raiſe new ſongs,
To praiſe the Lord with hearts & tongues;
For his ſupport in troubles paſt,
Wherewith our life was overcaſt.

2 O! grant us Jeſus, Prince of Peace,
Thy conſtant aid, thy conſtant grace,
That we may, thro' the rolling year,
Serve the with filial love and fear.

3 O! may we never loſe thy truth
(The prop of age, the guard of youth)
Keep from us ſuperſtitious fears,
Baniſh falſe doctrine from our ears.

4 Guard us, oh! guard us from our ſin;
And let us be renew'd within.
Of errors paſt the records rend,
O! thou, whoſe mercy knowns no end.

5 Grant us to lead a holy life,
And when we leave this world of ſtrife,
O! bring us in that joyful day,
Where thou wilt wipe all tears away!

6 Then ſhall thy praiſe a-new begin,
Without th' allay of ſelf and ſin.
Maintain, O Lord, our faith and love,
Till we behold thy face above.

XXI. *Barren Fig-Tree.* P. M.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And ſpares us yet *another year.*

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and *another year.*

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd let it ſtill alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet *another year.*

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee *another year.*

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

XXII. C. M. *double.*

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe!
All praiſe to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs,
Whoſe providence has brought us through
Another various year:
We all with vows, and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill continu'd care;
To thee preſenting, thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are:
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſeek thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated pow'rs
A ſacrifice to thee,
Till Jeſus in the clouds appear
To ſaints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand ſabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

XXIII. C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares, and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come:
Be thou our guard while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

XXIV. P. M.

1 COME let us anew
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill till the maſter appear!

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finiſh'd the work thou did'ſt give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne."

XXV. *We ſpend our years as a tale that is told.*
Pſal. xc. 9. C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 REMARK, my ſoul the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

2 So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
GOD's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we paſs
The ſwift advancing year;
And ſtudy artful ways t' increaſe
The ſpeed of its career.

4 Waken O GOD, my trifling heart
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So Shall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling ſoul
To joy, that never dies.

XXVI. *This year thou ſhalt die.* Jerem. xxviii. 16. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 GOD of my Life, thy conſtant care
With Bleſſings crowns each op'ning Year;
This guilty Life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual ſong.

2 How many precious Souls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the Dead,
Since from this day the changing Sun
Thro' his laſt yearly period run!

3 We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath—
"Thus far at leaſt in league with Death?"

4 That breath is thine, eternal GOD;
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's abode;
It holds its Life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

5 To thee our Spirits we reſign;
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile, ſecure from fear,
Tho' Death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

6 Thy Children, eager to be gone,
Bid Time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming ſhore,
Where Years and Death are known no more.

XXVII. *Thou crowneſt the Year with thy goodneſs.*
Pſm. lxv, 11. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Whoſe goodneſs crowns the circling Year.

2 While as the wheels of Nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady Pole:
The Sun is taught by thee to riſe,
And Darkneſs when to veil the Skies.

3 The flow'ry Spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the Land;
The Summer rays with vigour ſhine
To raiſe the corn, and chear the vine.

4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And Winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

6 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

XXVIII. *Having obtained help of God.* Acts xxvi. 22. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 GREAT God, we ſing that mighty hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand:
The op'ning year thy mercy ſhews;
That mercy crowns it, till it cloſe.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his inceſſant bounty fed,
By his unerring counſel led.

3 With grateful hearts the paſt we own;
The future, all to us unknow,
We to thy guardian-care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In ſcenes exalted or depreſs'd
Thou art our joy, and thou our reſt:
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

5 When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our Helper-GOD, in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

XXIX. *The Lord bleſs thee*, &c. Numb. vi. 24—26. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 GUARDIAN of Iſrael, ſource of peace,
Who haſt ordain'd thy prieſts to bleſs,
Shine forth as our propitious Lord,
And verify thy ſervants word.

2 Let thy own pow'r defend us ſtill
Thro' all the year from every ill;
And let the ſplendor of thy face
Chear all its bright or gloomy days.

3 Thy countenance our ſouls would ſee,
For all our joys unite in thee;
And peace ſtill waits at thy command
To calm our hearts, and bleſs our land.

4 Hear, while thy prieſts addreſs their vows,
And ſcatter bleſſings thro' thy houſe;
And, while they fall, may Iſrael raiſe
Its pious ſongs of ardent praiſe.

III. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

CHRIST's SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

* XXX. L. M.

1 THY ſoul, my Jeſu! hallow mine,
Thy ſpirit with my own combine,
Thy ſacred body ſlain for me,
From ſin ſet ſoul and body free.

2 The water ſpouting from thy ſide,
The ſoldier's ſpear had open'd wide,
Shall be my bath, and all thy blood
Shall cleanſe and bring me near to GOD.

3 LORD Jeſu! grant thou my requeſt,
And hide me ſafe within thy breaſt,
Make me within thy wounds to dwell
Secure from all the fiends of hell.

4 Call me in my laſt agony,
And take me, O my GOD! to thee;
That I with all thy ſaints above
May never ceaſe to praiſe thy love.

* XXXI. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree;
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

3 Hark how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid,
"'Tis finiſh'd!" Jeſus cries;
Behold he bows his ſacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

4 But ſoon o'er death he'll reign again
In majeſty divine.
O lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

* XXXII. L. M.

1 THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His viſage marr'd, his head reclin'd,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2 His fleſh is torn with whips and nails;
His ſtrength decays, his ſpirit fails:
His ſide is pierc'd, his heart is broke,
Beneath the ſin-avenging ſtroke.

3 The thieves expiring on each ſide,
Proclaim the crimes for which they dy'd:
But what, dear Saviour, haſt thou done?
Thou dy'dſt for ſin, but not thine own.

4 Jeſus, and didſt thou bleed for me?
O great, O boundleſs myſtery!
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And ſilently adore thy grace.

* XXXIII. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the loving Son of GOD
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him ſhed his precious blood,
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keeneſt ſmart,
Why flows the blood out of his veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteouſneſs did he fulfil,
No ſin did e'er he know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded ſo?

4 Alas! I know the reaſon why:
Our num'rous ſins he bore;
This caus'd his bitter agony,
This wounded him ſo ſore.

5 But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly ſay,
That thus, by bearing all our ſins,
He took them all away.

6 Our GOD is fully reconcil'd,
His juſtice ſatisfy'd;
Each ſinner now may be his child,
Since Jeſus bled and dy'd.

7 Come then, each needy ſinner, come,
If you'll accept, he'll give;
But ſuffer him to lead you home,
Whoever will, may live.

* XXXIV. C. M.

1 SEE, world, upon the ſhameful tree
Thy Maker ſinks in death,
Cover'd with ſtripes and wounds for thee
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold his body ſtain'd with blood,
Out of his tender heart,
Deep ſighs and groans he ſends to GOD
In his exceſſive ſmart.

3 Thou Prince of glory knew'ſt no ſin;
What caus'd thee then thy pain?
Thou, harmleſs undefil'd and clean,
What caus'd the to be ſlain?

4 My ſins, which num'rous as the ſands
Upon the ocean ſhore,
Have been the cruel, murd'rous hands
That wounded thee ſo ſore.

5 Thy anguiſh, thy tormenting pain,
And ev'ry dreadful woe,
Thou didſt ſo willingly ſuſtain,
My ſoul ſhould undergo.

6 My debt to thee, thou GOD of love,
Weak words can ne'er expreſs;
I cannot here, if there above,
Shew proper thankfulneſs:

7 Yet grant me grace while I am here,
(Since I can nothing give)
Thy ſuff'rings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

* XXXV. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote his ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide
And ſhut his glories in,
When GOD th' almighty Maker dy'd
An off'ring for my ſin.

4 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While Jeſu's croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes in tears.

5 But Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here Lord I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

* XXXVI. 7's. *Newton.*

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I ſee him on the tree
Weep and bleed and die for me!

2 That dear blood for ſinners ſpilt,
Shews my ſin in all its guilt;
Ah, my ſoul, he bore thy load;
Thou haſt ſlain the lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying words: "forgive;
"Father, let the ſinner live:
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away;
"I thy ranſom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon ſeal'd,
All my ſoft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is droſs,
Now I ſee the bloody croſs:
Jeſus dy'd to ſet me free
From the law, and ſin, and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my ſoul;
Lord, accept and claim the whole.
To thy will I all reſign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

* XXXVII. C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

3 E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream,
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my them,
And ſhall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy power to ſave;
When this poor liſping, ſtamm'ring tongue,
Lies ſilent in the grave.

XXXVIII. CHRIST *crucified: the wiſdom and power of* GOD. L. M. *Watts.*

1 NATURE with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread his Maker's praiſe abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews ſomething worthy of a GOD.

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man,
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood and crimſon lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs, nor reaſon prove,
Which of the Letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmoſt heart
Where grace and vengeance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart,
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine.

5 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs,
Where GOD the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.

6 I would for ever ſpeak his name,
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praiſe the lamb,
And worſhip at his father's throne.

XXXIX. *The reſurrection.* 7's

1 CHRIST, the LORD, is riſen to-day,
Sons of men and angels ſay,
Riſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbid's his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd Paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
"Where, O death, is now thy ſting?"
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave;
"Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Chriſt has led,
Following our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our partners' fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praiſe to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

XL. *Calvary.* S. M.

1 GO forth in ſpirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount!
See there thy friend, between two thieves,
Suff'ring on thy account.

2 Fall at his croſs's foot,
And ſay, my God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view thoſe wounds
Which life for me procur'd!

3 Fix on that face thine eye;
Why doſt thou backward ſhrink!
What a baſe rebel thou haſt been
To Chriſt, thou now doſt think.

4 Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us firſt,
And with white robes of righteouſneſs
Delights to deck the worſt.

5 Or art thou at a loſs
What thou to him ſhalt ſay?
Be but ſincere, and all thy caſe
Juſt as it is diſplay.

6 That heart our Saviour loves
Which does not ſtrive to weave
Pretences fair to ſooth itſelf,
And his ſharp eyes deceive.

XLI. *Good Friday.* L. M. *doubled.*

1 FLOW faſt my tears; the cauſe is great;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend:
One whom I long purſu'd with hate,
And yet he lov'd me to the end.
When death his terrors round me ſpread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Chriſt interpos'd, the wound He bore,
And bade the monſter dare no more.

2 Faſt flow my tears, yet faſter flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his ſide,

Keen pangs and agonizing ſmart
Oppreſs his ſoul, and rend his heart;
While juſtice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

3 Faſt and yet faſter flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes;
His viſage marr'd, tow'rds heav'n he rears,
And, pleading for his murd'rer, dies!
My grief no meaſure knows nor end,
Till he appears the ſinners friend;
And gives me in an happy hour,
To feel the riſen Saviour's pow'r.

XLII. *Good Friday. Six lines*, 8's.

1 'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!
Jeſus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels th' important groan,
Loud-echoing thro' earth and ſkies;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jeſus meekly bows his head;
The rocks reſent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead;
The bodies of the ſaints ariſe,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And ſhall not we his death partake,
In ſympathetic anguiſh groan?
O Saviour! let thy paſſions ſhake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of ſtone:
To ſecond life our ſouls reſtore,
And wake us that we ſleep no more,

XLIII. *Good Friday.* *Six lines,* 8's.

1 O LOVE divine what haſt thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

2 Sinners, behold, as ye paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my love is crucify'd!

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his ſide;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but droſs,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing ſpeak, or think beſide;
My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

XLIV. CHRIST *crucified.* L. M.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

XLV. *Chriſts Humiliation.* C. M.

1 WHAT object's this that meets my eyes
From out Jerus'lem's gate:
Which fills my mind with ſuch ſurprize,
As wonders to create!

2 Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous croſs of wood;
Whoſe ſoul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood?

3 Is this the MAN, can this be He,
The Prophets have foretold,
Should with tranſgreſſors number'd be,
And for their crimes be ſold?

4 Yes, now I know 'tis He,
E'en Jeſus, God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality to die,
For crimes that I had done.

XLVI. CHRIST *crucified.*
L. M. *Newton.*

1 WHEN on the croſs my LORD I ſee,
Bleeding to death for wretched me:
Satan and ſin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with ſtreaming eyes,
But ſee! he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, ſinners, view the Lamb of GOD,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his ſide, and venture near,
The well of endleſs life lies here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet ſtill my thirſt remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can ſatisfy the thirſt of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
LORD, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue ſhall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name diſpels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the ſound.

XLVII. JESUS *haſting to ſuffer.*
C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breaſt,

When haſting to Jeruſalem
He march'd before the reſt!

2 Good-will to men and zeal for GOD,
His ev'ry thought engroſs:
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood
He pants to reach his croſs.

3 With all his ſuff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us, unknown,
Forth to the taſk his ſpirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 LORD, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts ſhall ſound abroad
Salvation, to the dying Man,
And to the riſing GOD!

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wand'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter croſs to bear,
And haſten to the ſkies.

XLVIII. *Looking at the Croſs.*
* C. M. *Newton.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by ſhame or fear;
Till a new object ſtruck my ſight,
And ſtopp'd my wild career.

2 I ſaw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I ſtood.

3 Sure, never to my lateſt breath,
Can I forget that look;

It ſeem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he ſpoke.

4 My conſcience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in deſpair;
I ſaw my ſins his blood had ſpilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where ſhall my trembling ſoul be hid?
For I the LORD have ſlain.

6 A ſecond look he gave, which ſaid,
"I freely all Forgive;
This blood is for thy ranſom paid;
I'll die that thou may'ſt live."

7 Thus, while his death my ſins diſplays,
In all its blackeſt hue;
(Such is the myſtery of grace)
It ſeals my pardon too.

8 With pleaſing grief and mournful joy,
My ſpirit now is fill'd;
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

XLIX. *They ſhall look on him whom they peirced, and mourn.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding LORD!
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2 O, the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His ſacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain I do accuſe:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the veng'ance down
Upon his guiltleſs head;
Break, break, my heart! O burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty ſoul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled woe.

L. *Paſſion.* P. M.

1 ALL ye that paſs by,
To Jeſus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Your ranſom and peace,
Your ſurety he is,
Come, ſee if their ever was ſorrow like his.

2 For what you have done,
His blood muſt atone;
The Father has puniſh'd for you his dear Son.

The LORD, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your ſins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He anſwer'd for all,
O come at his call,
And low at his croſs with aſtoniſhment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jeſus's cries,
Impaſſive he ſuffers, immortal he dies.

3 He dies to atone
For ſins not his own;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave,
Who made interceſſion, "My Father, forgive."

5 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree;
His prayer is accepted, the ſinner is free.
The ſinner am I,
Who on Jeſus rely,
And come for the pardon GOD cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim,
For a ſinner I am,
A ſinner believing in Jeſus's name.
He purchas'd the grace,
Which now I embrace;
O Father, thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in my place.

7 His death is my plea,
My advocate ſee,
And hear the blood ſpeak that hath anſwer'd for me;
Acquitted I was
When he bled on the croſs,
And by looſing his life he hath carried my cauſe.

LI. P. M. CW 1749

1 O GOD of all grace,
Thy goodneſs we praiſe;
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The deſire of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-man,
Which the angels deſire to look into in vain:
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot ariſe,
To find out a cauſe why the Infinite dies.

3 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what ſeraph can find!
He came from above
Our curſe to remove:
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, becauſe he would [love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely,
He hath lov'd he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why:
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us ſo well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ranſom'd our race;
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing thy unſpeakable grace!
Nothing elſe will we know
In our journey below,
But ſinging thy praiſe to thy paradiſe go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the manſions above,
Our heav'n ſhall ſtill be to ſing of thy love:
When time is no more,
We ſtill ſhall adore
The ocean of love without bottom or ſhore.

7 Ere long we ſhall fly
To the regions on high,
For Iſrael's ſtrength cannot vary or lie;
He ſoon ſhall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jeſus is come, and eternity's here

LII.

1 VAIN, deluſive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jeſus I purſue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleaſures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

2 Other knowledge I diſdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Chriſt, the Lamb of God was ſlain,
He taſted death for me!
Me to ſave from endleſs woe,
The ſin atoning victim dy'd!
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd

3 Here will I ſet up my reſt,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breaſt
Shall never more depart:

Whither ſhould a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleaſure without end;
This is all my happineſs
On Jeſus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

5 O that I could all invite,
This ſaving truth to prove:
Shew the length, the breadth, and height,
And depth of Jeſu's love!
Fain I would to ſinners ſhow
The blood by faith alone apply'd!
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

LIII. *Reſting under the Croſs.* C. M. Cennick

1 CHILDREN of Iſrael ſee what ſhade
The croſs does us afford!
It was for weary ſinners made:
We thank thee for it LORD,

2 Gethſemane can witneſs ſtill
How meekly there he cry'd:
So can the brow of Calv'ry's hill
Where our great Maſter dy'd.

3 We ſing thy righteouſneſs and blood,
And agonizing pain:

We ſing thy griefs, thou dying GOD,
Thou Lamb for ſinners ſlain.

4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd;
To thee we bow the knee,
Hail, very God! the promis'd child!
The prophets ſang of thee.

5 We are thy living witneſſes,
And teſtify that thou
Art all our righteouſneſs and peace,
For we have prov'd thee ſo.

6 While others ſing the unknown God,
We each will ſing of thee;
Jeſus hath waſh'd me in his blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me.

LIV. *It is finiſhed.* John xix. 30, L. M. *Stennet.*

1 'TIS *finiſh'd*, ſo the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finiſh'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 *'Tis finiſh'd*—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets ſaid,
Is now fulfill'd, as was deſign'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 *'Tis finiſh'd*—Aaron now no more
Muſt ſtain his robes with purple gore:
The ſacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewiſh rites no more remain.

4 *'Tis finiſh'd*—this my dying groan
Shall ſins of every kind atone:
Millions ſhall be redeem'd from death,
By this my laſt expiring breath.

5 *'Tis finiſh'd*—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkneſs ſpoil'd:
Peace, love, and happineſs again
Return and dwell with ſinful men.

6 *'Tis finiſh'd*—let the joyful ſound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finiſh'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and ſky.

IV. EASTER:

OR, HYMNS SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF THE *RESURRECTION.*

* LV. L. M, Jacobite

1 TO day the Lord in triumph reigns,
Break death and hell's infernals chain's,
Retakes his life, and majeſty:
Praiſe him to all eternity.

2 When he deſcended into hell,
Satan and all his legions fell,
Behold the great accuſer caſt!
The hour of darkneſs now is paſt.

3 Now let the infernal lions roar,
They cannot hurt us as before;
Loſt is the pow'r of all thoſe fiends,
We are God's children, heirs and friend's.

4 O ſweet Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt!
Our ſacrifice and Great High-Prieſt,
Lead us by thine Almighty grace,
To end with joy our chriſtian race.

5 Infinite lover gracious Lord!
Thy wondrous name ſhall be ador'd.
To thee be endleſs honors giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

* LVI. 7's.

1 GLORY unto Jeſus be,
From the curſe he ſet us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ranſom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;
God's well pleaſed in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns the church's head.

3 His redeem'd his praiſe ſhew forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels ſing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy, thou alone!"

4 Ye who love him, ceaſe to mourn,
He will certainly return;
All his ſaints with him ſhall reign;
Come, Lord Jeſus, come! Amen.

LVII. *A happy Reſurrection.* L. M. *Watts.*

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a chearful gaſp reſign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
Theſe dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt:
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew
At the revival of the juſt.

3 Break, ſacred morning, thro' the ſkies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut ſhort the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they ſtay!

4 [Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thoſe lips,
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]

5 [Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

LVII. *Triumph over Death in Hope of the Reſurrection.* S. M. *Watts.*

1 AND muſt this body die;
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the ſkies
Looks down, and watches all my duſt,
Till he all ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'ly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To JESUS' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his pow'r above.

6 Dear LORD, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

LVIII. *The Reſurrection of* CHRIST.
C. M. *Watts.*

1 BLESS'D morning, whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing GOD;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his laſt abode!

2 In the cold priſon of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our GOD, in vain;
The ſleeping conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty LORD,
Theſe ſacred hours we pay,
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
With glad Hoſannas ring.]

LIX. CHRIST's *dying, riſing, and reigning.* L. M. *doubled. Watts's Lyrics.*

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies,
A ſudden tremble ſhakes the ground!
Come ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men:
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing GOD forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids its riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints! and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem! and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry boaſting grave?

131 L.H.C LXL. *Another.* 8. 8. 6. C.Batty

1 SEE Jeſus, our Deliv'rer great,
Riſing, his victory to complete;
In vain's the ſeal and ſtone!
O grave, where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror ſee,
Riſing, he leaves the tomb.

2 A while he with his fav'rites ſtay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the ſtarry ſky:
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And ſhout his victory.

3 Mindful of all thy favors, now
In gratitude we proſtrate bow
Before thy loving face:
Give all, aſſembled in this hour,
To feel thy reſurrection's pow'r,
And ſing redeeming grace.

4 Clearly to ev'ry heart diſplay
The virtue of thy croſs; this day
Each drooping heart inflame:
Refreſh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderneſs below,
And ſpread thy glorious fame.

5 Jeſus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call ſhall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When ſhall we ſee thee face to face,
And join above to ſing thy praiſe,
Eternity to ſpend?

LXI. *Resurrection of* CHRIST. Luke xxiv. 34.
P. M. *Doddridge.*

1 YES, the Redeemer roſe;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conquering head:
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And ſink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they came,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jeſus' tomb.

3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
"Jeſus who bled
"Hath left the dead,
"He roſe to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the ſound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
"Jeſus who bled
"Hath left the dead,
"No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning God!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

LXII. CHRIST'S *Reſurrection a pledge of ours.*
L. M.

1 WHEN I the holy grave ſurvey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I ſee fulfill'd what prophets ſay,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb ſhall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who truſt his name
Shall riſe, and draw immortal breath!

3 [Our ſurety, freed, declares us free,
For whoſe offences he was ſeiz'd:
In *his* releaſe *our own* we ſee,
And ſhout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]

4 Jeſus, once number'd with the dead,
Unſeals his eyes to ſleep no more;
And ever lives their cauſe to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy riſen Lord, my ſoul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too ſhall bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious, God, thou wilt not leave
My fleſh for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

LXIII. *Comfort to ſuch who ſeek a riſen* JESUS.
Matt. xxviii. 5, 6. C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 YE humble ſouls, that ſeek the Lord,
Chaſe all your fears away;
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where Jeſus lay.

2 Thus the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that boſom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a looſe to grief,
Let grateful ſorrow's riſe;
And waſh the bloody ſtains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your ſongs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once diſhonour'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy, like his, ſhall every ſaint
His empty tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending Lord,
To realms of endleſs day.

LXIV. CHRIST's *Exaltation and Glory.*

L. M. *Watts.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great JEHOVAH's equal ſon;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

3 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face.

5 Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs,
JESUS, the GOD, exalted reigns;
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echos thro' th' heav'nly plains!

V. ASCENSION DAY:

OR, HYMNS SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

CHRIST's ASCENSION.

LXV. L. M.

1 TO thee, our LORD, all praiſe be giv'n,
For thy aſcending up to heav'n:
Support us while on earth we ſtay,
And kindly hear us when we pray,

2 Tho' ſeated on thy father's throne,
Thou'lt never ceaſe thy flock to own;
For we believe that thou art near,
When in thy preſence we appear.

3 For us to heav'n thou didſt aſcend,
To plead our cauſe, and to attend
To all our wants, yea to prepare
A place for us, thy bliſs to ſhare.

4 At parting from thy little fold,
Thy ſecond advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerneſs,
Lord Jeſus, to behold thy face.

5 Mean while we pray thee, gracious LORD,
Thy ſpirit unto us afford,
That we, with all the ranſom'd train,
May meet thee when thou com'ſt again.

6 Ah then we ſhall behold thy face
In everlaſting joy and peace;
Mean while we'll cleave to thee by faith,
And love thee till our lateſt breath.

* LXVI. C. M. *Watts.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-prieſt above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderneſs,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a ſhare,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what ſore temptations are,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he'll never break,
Nor ſcorn the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his father's face;
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

LXVII. *The exalted Saviour.*
L. M. *Steele.*

1 NOW let us raiſe our cheerful ſtrains,
And join the bliſsful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they ſing his wond'rous love.

2 While ſeraphs tune immortal ſong,
O may we feel the ſacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jeſus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jeſus, who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;
O what returns can mortals give,
For ſuch immeaſurable grace!

5 Were univerſal nature ours,
And art with all her boaſted ſtore;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the offerer poor!

6 Yet tho' for bounty, ſo devine,
We ne'er can equal honours raiſe,
Jeſus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praiſe.

LXVIII. *The living Redeemer.* Job xix. 25.
L. M. *Medley.*

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this ſweet ſentence gives!
He lives! he lives! who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living head.

2 He lives to grant me rich ſupply,
He lives to guide me with his eye:
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my ſouls complaint.

3 He lives to ſilence all my fears,
He lives to ſtop, and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all bleſſings to impart.

4 He lives my kind wiſe heav'nly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll ſing;
He lives, my prophet, prieſt, and king.

5 He lives and grants me daily breath;
He lives and I ſhall conquer death;
He lives my manſion to prepare;
He lives to bring me ſafely there.

LXIX. CHRIST'S *Aſcenſion.*
Pſalm xxiv. 7—9. L. M.

1 OUR LORD is riſen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!"

3 Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold the radiant ſcene;
He claims thoſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlaſting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD of boundleſs power poſſeſt,
The King of ſaints and angels too,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt!

VI. WHITSUNDAY:

OR, HYMNS SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF THE

HOLY SPIRIT.

* LXX. C. M.

1 O HOLY Ghoſt, eternal God,
Deſcending from above,
Thou fill'ſt the ſoul, through Jeſu's blood,
With faith and hope and love.

2 Thou comforteſt the heavy heart,
By ſin and grief oppreſs'd:
Thou to the dead doſt life impart,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Thy ſweet communion charms the ſoul;
And gives true peace and joy,
Which ſatan's pow'r can ne'er control,
Nor all his wiles deſtroy.

4 Let no falſe comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the lamb once ſlain.

5 Breathe comfort where diſtreſs abounds,
O make our conſcience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jeſu's wounds,
The feſt'ring ſores of ſin.

6 Vanquiſh our luſts; our pride remove;
Take out the heart of ſtone;
Shew us the Father's boundleſs love,
And merits of the Son.

Moraw. H. Z. * LXXI. L. M.

1 TO thee, O, Holy Ghoſt, we pray,
Who lead'ſt us in the goſpel way,
Do thou thoſe gifts on us beſtow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou gracious teacher, thee we praiſe
For thy inſtruction, pow'r and grace,
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Thee of ourſelves we could not know,
Till thou, our Lord, didſt clearly ſhow
The ſin of unbelief to us,
And enmity to Jeſu's croſs.

4 When this we felt to be our caſe,
Then Jeſu's blood and righteouſneſs
Unto our hearts thou didſt reveal,
Imparting thus thy pard'ning ſeal.

5 Moſt gracious comforter we pray,
O lead us further every day!
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preſerve and ſanctify each heart.

6 Till we in heaven ſhall take our ſeat,
Inſtruct us often to repeat:
"Abba, our Father!" and to be
With Chriſt, in union conſtantly.

LXXII. *The witneſſing of the Spirit.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter! defend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

LXXIII. *Breathing after the Spirit.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of thoſe trifling toys:
Our ſouls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe,
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

LXXIV. *The operations of the Holy Spirit.* L. M. *Watts.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confeſs
And ſing the wonders of thy Grace;
Thy Pow'r conveys our bleſſings down
From GOD the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within
And break the chains of reigning ſin;
Do our imperious Luſts ſubdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conſcience knows thy voice;
Thy chearing words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the ſtormy Wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

LXXV. *The effuſions of the Spirit; or, the ſucceſs of the Goſpel.* L. M. *Watts.*

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine Diſciples met:
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came
And ſat like tongues of cloven Flame.

2 What gifts, what miricles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh their tongues with wond'rous words,
Inſtead of ſhields and ſpears and ſwords.

3 Thus arm'd, he ſent the champions forth,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North:
"Go, and aſſert your Saviour's cauſe;
"Go, ſpread the myſt'ry of his croſs."

4 Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what Almighty force they are,
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude
Are by theſe heav'nly Arms ſubdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the Croſs.

6 Great King of grace! my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my LORD,
And ſing the Vict'ries of his word.

LXXVI. *Six lines*, 8's.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt my ſoul inſpire,
Atteſt that I am born again:
Come, and baptiſe me Lord, with fire,
Let no more doubt or cloud remain;
Give me the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
Sweet fore-taſt of approaching heav'n.

2 O give to us the heav'nly ſeal
That aſcertains the kingdom mine:

That pow'rful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fullneſs of love, of heav'n, of God!

LXXVII. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt our hearts inſpire,
Let us thine influ'nce prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love:

2 Come, Holy Ghoſt, for mov'd by thee
Thy prophets wrote and ſpoke;
Unlock the truth thyſelf (the key,!
Unſeal the ſacred book:

3 Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy preſence, Lord,
And bid it come with pow'r:

4 Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

LXXVIII. S. M.

1 COME, holy ſpirit, come:
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the ſorrows from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

2 Cheer our diſponding hearts
With viſitation ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 Shew us the sinners friend
That rules the court of bliss;
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God
Th' eternal Prince of peace.

6 'Tis thine to clense the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

LXXIX. *To the blessed Spirit.* 7's.

1 GRACIOUS spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee ſtray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my ſoul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

LXXX. *Influences of the Spirit deſired.*

Six lines, 8's. *Davies.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit, ſource of light
Enlivning, conſecrating fire,
Deſcend, and with celeſtial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inſpire:
Our ſouls refine, our droſs conſume!
Come, *condeſcending* Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breaſts, O ſtrike a ſpark
Of the pure flame which ſeraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and ſtupid ſtill:
Come, *viviſying* Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy conſtant home!

3 Whatever guilt and madneſs dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Though in the flame we ſhould expire:
Our breaſts expand to make thee room:
Come, *puriſying* Spirit, come!

4 Let pure devotion's fervors riſe!
Let every pious paſſion glow!
O let the raptures of the ſkies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come *condeſcending* Spirit, come,
And make our ſouls thy conſtant home!

LXXXI. *Leadings of the ſpirit,* Romans viii. 14. L. M.

1 COME, gracious ſpirit heav'nly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and ſtep preſide.

2 Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far
From every ſin and hurtful ſnare;
Lead to thy word that rules muſt give,
And teach us leſſons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us diſplay,
And make us know and chooſe our way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holineſs, the road
That we muſt take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Chriſt, the living way,
Nor let us from his paſtures ſtray.

5 Lead us to God our final reſt,
In his enjoyment to be bleſs'd;
Lead us to heav'n the ſeat of bliſs,
Where pleaſure in perfection is.

LXXXII. *Influences of the Spirit compared to living Water.* John iv, 10. L. M.

1 BLESS'D JESUS, ſource of grace divine,
What ſoul-refreſhing ſtreams are thine!
O bring theſe healing waters nigh,
Or we muſt droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller thro' deſart lands,
'Midſt ſcorching Suns, and burning ſands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreſhing rain.

3 Our longing ſouls aloud would ſing,
Spring up, celeſtial fountain, ſpring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirſty land below.

4 May this bleſt torrent, near my ſide,
Thro' all the deſart gently glide;
Then in *Immanuel's* land above,
Spread to a ſea of joy and love!

VII. TRINITY SUNDAY.

OR, HYMNS SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF THE *TRINITY.*

* LXXXIII. C. M.

1 OUR HEAVN'LY FATHER God of love?
To thee our hearts we raiſe:
Thy all ſuſtaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

2 LORD JESUS, thine we wiſh to be,
Our ſacrifice receive;
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by thee,
To thee ourſelves we give.

3 Come, HOLY GHOST, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So ſhall we ever live, and move,
And be with Chriſt in God.

* LXXXIV. L. M.

1 OUur heav'nly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundleſs grace
We ſee diſplay'd in Jeſu's face.

2 Great God! how dreadful was thy name,
Until the God-man Jeſus came!
We cannot love or honor thee,
Unleſs the Son had ſet us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can tell!
O love divine, unſearchable!
The Father gave his only Son
To bleed and die for ſlaves undone!

4 Can any ill diſtreſs my heart,
Since God with his own ſon did part?
What'er I want can't be deny'd,
Since Chriſt for me was crucify'd.

LXXXV. *A Song of Praiſe to the ever-bleſſed Trinity.* L. M. *Watts.*

1 BLESS'D be the FATHER and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of Endleſs Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whoſe dear wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

3 We give thee, ſacred SPIRIT, Praiſe,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

4 Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT we adore;
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

LXXXVI. *The ſame.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 GLORY to GOD the FATHER's Name,
Who from our ſinful Race
Choſe out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.

2 Glory to GOD the SON be paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And, to redeem us from the Dead,
Gave his own Life away.

3 Glory to GOD the SPIRIT give,
From whoſe Almighty Pow'r
Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive,
And bleſs the happy Hour.

4 Glory to GOD that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love
Has made his Nature known.

LXXXVII. *The ſame.* S. M. *Watts.*

1 LET GOD the FATHER live
For ever on our Tongues:
Sinners from his firſt Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs,

2 Ye Saints, employ your Breath
In Honour to the SON,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the SPIRIT Praiſe
Of an immortal Strain,
Whoſe Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

4 While GOD the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within.

5 To the great One in Three,
That ſeal this Grace in Heav'n,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

LXXXVIII. *The ſame.* P. M. *Watts.*

1 I GIVE immortal Praiſe
To GOD the FATHER's Love,
For all my Comforts here,
And better Hopes above:
He ſent his own
Eternal Son
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

2 To GOD the SON belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlaſting Woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And ſees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

3 To GOD the SPIRIT's Name
Immortal Worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His Work completes
The great Deſign,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

4 Almighty GOD! to Thee
Be endleſs Honours done,
The Undivided Three,
And the Myſterious One:
Where Reaſon fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails,
And Love adores.

LXXXIX. C. M. S. Wesley Jr.

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee!
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

2 Enthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
Ere time its round began,
Who join'd in counſel to create
The dignity of man.

3 To whom Iſaiah's viſion ſhew'd,
The ſeraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic army ſings.

4 To thee, by myſtic pow'rs on high
Were humble praiſes given,
When *John* beheld with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heaven!

5 All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hyms aſpire;
May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir!

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

XC. *The Doctrine of the Trinity, and its uſe.*
C. M. — *Watts.*

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praiſe we give,
Who doſt an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the SON,
Who makes thine anger ceaſe;
Our lives he ranſom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty SPIRIT be
Immortal glory given,
Whoſe influ'nce brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And ſpread his honours and their joys
Thro' nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general ſong to raiſe,
Let ſaints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praiſe.

DOXOLOGIES.

XCI. L. M. *Watts.*

ALL Glory to thy wond'rous Name,
Father of mercy God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove.

XCII. C. M. *Watts.*

NOW let the Father and the Son
And ſpirit be ador'd.
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

XCIII. S. M. *Watts.*

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the ſpirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

XCIV. P. M. *Watts.*

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And ſpirit all divine,
Three myſteries in one,
Salvation, Pow'r,
And praiſe be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

VIII. HYMNS

SUITED TO

CREATION.

XCV. *The Old and New Creation.*

L. M. *Newton.*

1 THAT was a wonder-working word
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe!
Angels attendant on their Lord
Admir'd the plan, and ſung his praiſe.

2 From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
Let there be light and light there was,
And ſun, and ſtars, and ſea, and land.

3 With equal ſpeed the earth and ſeas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He ſpake, and ſtrait the plants and trees,
And birds and beaſts, and man were made.

4 But man the lord and crown of all,
By ſin his honor ſoon defac'd;
His heart (how alter'd ſince the fall!)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waſte.

5 The new creation of the ſoul
Does now no leſs his pow'r diſplay;
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkneſs into day.

6 Tho' ſelf-deſtroy'd, O LORD, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canſt do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

XCVI. *The Book of Creation.*
C. M. *Newton.*

1 THE book of nature open lies,
With much inſtruction ſtor'd;
But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.

2 Philoſopher's have por'd in vain,
And gueſs'd from age to age;
For reaſon's eye could ne'er attain
To underſtand a page.

3 Tho' to each ſtar they give a name,
Its ſize and motions teach,
The truths which all the ſtars proclaim,
Their wiſdom cannot reach.

4 With ſkill to meaſure earth and ſea,
And weigh the ſubtle air;
They cannot, LORD, diſcover thee,
Tho' preſent ev'ry where.

5 The knowledge of the ſaints excels
The wiſdom of the ſchools;
To them his ſecrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

6 To them the ſun and ſtars on high
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artleſs birds that fly,
Divine inſtruction yield.

7 The creatures on their ſenſes preſs,
As witneſſes to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulneſs,
His providence and love.

8 Thus may we ſtudy nature's book,
To make us wiſe indeed!
And pity thoſe who only look
At what they cannot read.

XCVII. *Praiſe to* God *from all creatures.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues,
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rock's and trees, and fires and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

XCVIII. *The New Creation.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew:
" Behold I ſit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new.

2 " Nature and ſin are paſs'd away,
" And the old Adam dies;
" My hands a new foundation lay;
" See the new world ariſe!

3 " I'll be a ſun of righteouſneſs
" To the new heav'ns I make;
" None but the new-born heir's of grace
" My glories ſhall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin;
O, make my ſoul alive to thee;
Create new pow'r's within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afreſh;
Give me new paſſions, joy's, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

XCIX. L. M. *Watts.*

1 BEFORE, Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he deſtroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

C. L. M. *doubled.* Addison

1 THE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every Land,
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the Evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wonderous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?

What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The HAND that made us is DIVINE."

CI. L. M.

1 THERE is a God, all nature ſpeaks,
Through earth, and air, and ſeas, and ſkies:
See from the clouds his Glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe.

2 The riſing ſun, ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious Name.

3 Diffuſing life, his influence ſpreads,
And health and plenty ſmile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
And with a thouſand bleſſings crown'd

4 Almighty goodneſs, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads diſplay:
And bleſs the hand which made them ſhine,
With various charms profuſely gay.

5 For man and beaſt, here daily food
In wide diffuſive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the cryſtal flood
In ſtreams ſweet winding, gently flows.

6 By cooling ſtreams, and ſoft'ning ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty ſmiling ſpread.

7 The flowery tribes, all blooming, riſe
Above the weak attempts of Art:
Their bright, inimitable dyes,
Speak ſweet conviction to the heart.

8 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace Creation's wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of the God,
And bow before him and adore.

CII. C. M.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid our ſouls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

3 The living tribes of countleſs forms,
In earth, and ſea, and air;
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And O let man thy praiſe record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care.

5 From thee the breath of Life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle Frame ſuſtains.

6 Yet nobler favors claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighteſt rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

7 Thy Providence, his conſtant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward;
Or timely ſuccors lend.

8 On us, that Providence has ſhone,
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O let our lips and Lives make known,
Thy goodneſs, and thy praiſe.

CIII. *God my Creator and Benefactor.*

S. M.

1 MY Maker, and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſovereign bounty is the ſpring,
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good, and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand,
More praiſe than life can give.

4 Oh! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire,
My ſoul with ſtrength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

CIV. *Song to Creating Wiſdom.*
C. M. *Watts's Lyrics.*

1 ETERNAL wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it ſpreads the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtar'd with ſparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Thro' ſkies and ſeas and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

5 But ſtill the wonders of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus' face
We ſee, adore and love.

IX. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

* CV. C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys:
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conciev'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlipp'ry path of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in heav'n with thee
The glorious theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe:
But O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

* CVI. C. M. J. Mason

1 IN thee I live, and move, and am:
Thou numb'reſt all my days:
As thou renew'ſt by being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praiſe.

2 From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I muſt be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deſerv'd,
Yet have I lacked nought.

4 I do not praiſe my lab'ring hand,
My lab'ring head or chance;
Thy providence, moſt gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

5 Lord, in the day, thou art about
The paths wherein to tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

6 A thouſand deaths I daily 'ſcape,
I paſs by many a pit;
I ſail by many dreadful rocks,
Where others have been ſplit.

7 O let my houſe a temple be,
That I and mine may ſing
Hoſannas to thy majeſty,
And praiſe our heav'nly King.

* CVII. L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways,
Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 He ſent his ſon with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavn'ly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

CVIII. *Commit thy way unto the Lord, &c.* Pſm. xxxvii. 5, 6. *Tranſlated from the German.* J. Wesley

S. M, *doubled.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his ſure truſt and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands;
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He ſhall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care,
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt pray'r.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father thy ceaſeleſs love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſo'er thou will'ſt,
Thou doſt, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

4 Thou ev'ry where haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might,
Thy ev'ry act pure bleſſings is,
Thy path unſully'd light,
When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
What all thy children want, thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thy hand?

CIX. S. M, *doubled.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmay'd,
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head:
Thro' waves and clouds and ſtorms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſink thy ſpirits down;
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.
What though thou ruleſt not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God ſitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his ſov'reign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

4 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

CX. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whoſe gracious pow'r
Thro' various deaths my ſoul hath led,
Or turn'd aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I ſee;
Aſſiſt me ſtill my courſe to run,
And ſtill direct my path to thee.

3 Whither O whither ſhould I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breaſt,
Secure within thy arms to lie,
And ſafe beneath thy wings to reſt?

4 I have no ſkill the ſnare to ſhun,
But thou, O Chriſt! my wiſdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Fooliſh, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:
Enter, and in me ever ſtay;
The crooked then ſhall ſtraight become:
The darkneſs ſhall be loſt in day!

CXI. *The Lord will provide.* 11's.

1 THO' troubles aſſail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends ſhould all fail, and foes all unite:
Yet one thing ſecures us, whatever betide,
The promiſe aſſures us, *The Lord will provide,*

2 The birds without barn or ſtore-houſe are fed:
From them let us learn to truſt for our bread:
His ſaints what is fitting ſhall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written, *The Lord will provide.*

3 We all may, like ſhips, by tempeſt be toſt
On perilous deeps, but need not be loſt:
Tho' ſatan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet ſcripture engages, *The Lord will provide.*

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are ſtrangers, we have a ſure guide,
And truſt in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*

5 When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promiſe, *The Lord will provide.*

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek, we ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our graces have try'd,
This anſwers all queſtions, *The Lord will provide.*

7 No ſtrength of our own, nor goodneſs we claim,
Our truſt is all thrown on Jeſus's name;
In this our ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, *The Lord will provide.*

8 When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace ſhall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, *The Lord will provide.*

CXII. *Myſtery of Divine Providence.*
C. M. *Cowper.*

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing ſkill;
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err
And ſcan his work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CXIII. *Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all theſe things ſhall be added unto you,* Luke xii. 31. L. M.

1 PEACE, troubled ſoul, thou need'ſt not fear:
Thy great provider ſtill is near;
Who fed the laſt will feed the ſtill,
Be calm, and ſink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and ſky,
In mercy ſtoops to hear my cry;
His promiſe all may freely claim,
"Aſk and receive in Jeſu's name,"

3 His ſtores are open all and free,
To ſuch as truly upright be;
Water and bread, he'll give for food,
With all things elſe which he ſees good.

4 Your ſacred hairs which are ſo ſmall,
By God himſelf are number'd all;
This truth he's publiſh'd all abroad,
That men may learn to truſt the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And ſends them food as they have need,
Although they nothing have in ſtore,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not ſeek with anxious care,
What ye ſhall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all theſe things you need.

7 Without reſerve give Chriſt your heart:
Let him his righteouſneſs impart;
Then all things elſe he'll freely give;
With him you all things ſhall receive.

CXIV. *God's Providence in Afflictions and Death.* Job v. 6, 7, 8. C. M. *Watts.*

1 NOT from the duſt affliction grows,
Nor troubles riſe by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A ſad inheritance!

2 As ſparks break out from burning coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteouſneſs.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace;
For Death and Hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

CXV. *Submiſſion to Afflictive Providence.* Job i. 21. C. M. *Watts.*

1 NAKED as from the earth we came
And crept to life at firſt;

We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis GOD that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then!
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

IX. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF *REDEMPTION.*

CXVI. *Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, &c.*
1 Cor. i. 30. L. M. *Watts.*

1 BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie till CHRIST reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2 Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears
Till the atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, *The Lord our righteouſneſs.*

8 Our very frame is mix'd with ſin ;
His ſpirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4 JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains ;
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs ;
Thou art our mighty all ; and we
Give our whole ſelves, O LORD to thee.

CXVII. *The ſame.* S. M. *Watts.*

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till CHRIST with his reviving light
Over our ſouls ariſe !

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n ;
But in his righteouſneſs array'd
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 LORD, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to GOD;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

CXVIII. *Redemption by Chriſt.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 WHEN the firſt parents of our race
Rebell'd, and loſt their God,
And the infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our blood!

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eteral Son;
Deſcending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

4 Aſide the Prince of glory threw
His moſt divine array;
And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r and dying Love
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our fleſh and ſoul
We joyfully reſign;
Bleſs'd Jeſus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor ſhall for ever be
The buſineſs of our days,
For ever ſhall our thankful tongues,
Speak thy deſerved praiſe.

CXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace,
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels! aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

CXX. *Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſs'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleaſure ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

CXXI. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 JESUS, with all thy ſaints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love,
And ſing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bleſs'd be the Lamb, my deareſt LORD,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From ſatan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints that feel his grace.

* CXXII. *Redeeming Love.*
7's. Langford

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye, who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming love.*

2 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heav'n ye onward move,
Praiſe and bleſs *Redeeming love.*

3 Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears;
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
Jeſus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by *Redeeming love.*

4 Ye alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin;
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte *Redeeming love.*

5 Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome all to Jeſus Chriſt,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming love.*

6 He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremend'ous foes and ours
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming love.*

7 Sing, ye ranſom'd to his praiſe,
Tune your ſongs to grateful lays;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe *Redeeming love.*

CXXIII. P. M.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of Mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus! tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion ſin,
My poor expiring ſoul
The balmy ſounds drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there, my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he dy'd for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all redeeming grace!
How ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave a fallen race:
What ſhall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind haſt done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all!
For all my Lord was crucify'd!
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth I live.

CXXIV. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful ſound;
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

Glory, honor, praiſe, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our redeemer!
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound. *Glory, &c.*

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongus. *Glory, &c.*

* CXXV. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 God's only Son (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above;
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' Almighty former of the ſkies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs a boundleſs ſtore:
Dear Saviour let me call thee mine,
I cannot wiſh for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy croſs I fall:
My Lord, my life, my ſacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

CXXVI. *Redemption by Chriſt alone.* 1 Peter 1; 18, 19. L. M. *Steele.*

ENSLAV'D by ſin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant ſway,
And doom'd to everlaſting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected ſtore
Suffice to purchaſe our releaſe;
A thouſand world's were all too poor.

3 Jeſus the Lord the mighty God,
An all-ſufficient ranſom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors ſhed.

4 Jeſus the ſacrifice became,
To reſcue guilty ſouls from hell;
The ſpotleſs, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging juſtice fell.

5 Amazing goodneſs! love divine!
O may our greatful hearts adore
The matchleſs grace—nor yield to ſin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love purſue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each ſecret lurking foe ſubdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

X. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

REPENTANCE.

CXXVII. * C. M. 7's.

1 HEAR, O Jeſus my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants:
Self convicted, ſelf-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, deareſt Lord,

2 Known to thee, whoſe eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim:
With an eye of love look down,
Help, Lord, help me very ſoon.

3 Break, O break this heart of ſtone ;
Form it for thy uſe alone ;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my ſupport in need,
That thou didſt ſo freely bleed :
Hence my joys and hopes ariſe
From thy bloody ſacrifice.

5 This confirms me, when I'm weak,
Comforts me, when I am ſick,
Gives me courage, when I faint,
Well ſupplies my ev'ry want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exerciſe thy ſhepherd's care ;
Guard my weakneſs by thy grace,
Let me feel a conſtant peace.

CXXVIII. * C. M. 7's.

1 THE miſt before my eyes remov'd
With wonder ſtruck I ſee,
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2 Theſe were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry :
Which made thee ſhed thy precious blood,
And bow thy head, and die.

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caus'd my tears to flow ;
I now abhor that monſter, ſin,
And find he is my foe.

4 I truſt my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, t' atonement for man's offence,
The ſin-avenging rod.

* CXXIX. C. M.

1 IN thee, O Chriſt, is all my hope,
My comfort's all in thee,
Whilſt I'm aſſured thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou ſtand'ſt by me.

2 Me, nor the ſaints on earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne;
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I truſt alone.

3 I feel the load of ſin ſo vaſt,
It ſinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood waſh out my ſins,
Since that alone can ſave.

4 Cloath'd in thy righteouſneſs divine
O may I ſee thy face,
Receive the promiſe from above,
That I'm reſtor'd by grace.

5 On me, thy helpleſs worm, O Lord,
A living faith beſtow;
That I thy mercy, truth and love
May by experience know.

* CXXX. C. M.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirſt alone for thee,
I long t' enjoy thy ſaving grace,
And taſte thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, gracious Lord, I aſk,
This is the total ſum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my ſuit,
O let thy mercy come.

3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me and know each thought;
On me look down, in mercy, Lord,
Whom by thy blood thou'ſt bought.

4 Haſte then, O Lord, to thee I pray,
Impart to me thy grace;
That when this life is fled away,
In heav'n I may have place.

CXXXI. S. M, *double.*

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe;
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou by the two edg'd-ſword,
My ſoul and ſpirit part,
Strike with the hammar of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace beſtow,
Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thy own mercy's ſake
The curſed thing remove,

And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;
In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul,
And ſcreen me from my nature's pow'r
Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,
That I ſhould holy be,
Should let my ſins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee;
O might I now embrace
Thy all-ſufficient pow'r,
And never more to ſin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

CXXXII. P. M.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace reſtor'd.
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 For thine own compaſſion's ſake,
The gracious wonder ſhow!
Caſt my ſins behind thy back,
And waſh me white as ſnow;
If thy bowels now are ſtirr'd,
If I now myſelf bemoan,
Turn, and look upon be Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die!
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſu'd
The firſt apoſtate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him riſe again;
Speak my paradiſe reſtor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd) "forgive!"
Surely with the dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, "'tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone.

CXXXIII. P. M.

1 LET the world their virtues boaſt,
Their work and right'ouſneſs:
I, a wretch, undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace;
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

2 Happy they whoſe joys abound
Like Jordan's ſwelling ſtream,
Who their heav'n in Chriſt have found,
And give their praiſe to him;
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;
Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

4 Jeſus thou for me haſt dy'd,
And thou in me ſhalt live;
I ſhall feel thy death apply'd,
I ſhall thy life receive;
To bring fire on earth thou came,
O that it now may kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

CXXXIV. C. M.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name.

2 If ſtill thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy wonders ſhew'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhor'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſee'ſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

6 Silent (alas! thou know'ſt how long)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as heart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jeſus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear.

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner receive thy ſight.

CXXXV. S. M, *double.*

1 AH! Wither ſhall I go,
Burden'd, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay!
He calls the weary ſinner home,
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hindrance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee;
And let me now conſent to know
What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display:
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'ſt fain remove?
Remove it, and I ſhall declare
That God is only love.

CXXXVI. P. M.

1 COME, holy and celeſtial Dove,
To viſit a ſorrowful breaſt,
My burthen of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt:
Thou only haſt pow'r to relieve
A ſinner o'erwelm'd with his load:
The ſenſe of acceptance to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with thy blood.

2 With me if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And ſtrangely withheld from my ſin,
And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
My worthleſs affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermoſt mercy exert;
And kindly continue to ſtrive,
And hold till I yield thee my heart

3 Thy call, if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free,
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;

Fulfil the imperfect deſire,
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Moſt pitiful ſpirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and reſtore:
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love,
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood
For me to receive from above:
Come, heavenly comforter, come,
True witneſs of mercy divine.
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

CXXXVII. L. M.

1 O THOU that hear'ſt when ſinner's cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin:
Let thy good ſpirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentance juſt:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong:
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

CXXXVIII. *The contrite Heart.*
C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THE Lord will happineſs divine
On contrite hearts beſtow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as ſteel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd;
But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

4 My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But when I cry, "My ſtrength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy ſaints are comforted I know,
And love thy houſe of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

CXXXIX. *Repentance at the Croſs.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 OH, if my ſoul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins, my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 O how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed:
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

CXL. *Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning veng'ance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodneſs cries, "Forbear;"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin:
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye luſts, ſhall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

CXLI. 7's Hannah

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchſafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceaſing cry,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

2 Wealth and honor I diſdain
Earthly comforts all are vain:
Theſe can never ſatisfy,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only eaſe me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing elſe but ſin:
On my mercy I rely,
Give me me Chriſt or elſe I die.

5 Thou doſt freely ſave the loſt
Only in thy grace I truſt:
With my earneſt ſuit comply
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

6 O my Lord, what ſhall I ſay?
Take, oh take my ſins away!
Jeſu's blood to me apply
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

7 Thou haſt promis'd to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord I know thou can'ſt not lie
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

CXLII. *The Pool of Bethesda.* John v. 2, 4.
S. M. *Newton.*

1 BESIDE the goſpel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year, to year, my helpleſs ſoul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I ſeen
The healing waters move;
And others round me, ſtepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at firſt I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have ſought
Is not for ſuch as I.

6 But whether can I go?
There is no other pool
Where ſtreams of ſov'reign virtue flow
To make a ſinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try,
Can Jeſus hear a ſinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?

8 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A ſoul, that fain would ſee his face,
To periſh at his feet.

CXLIII. *The ſame.* L. M.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, ſhall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When ſhall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on ev'ry ſide ſtep in,
And waſh away their pain and ſin;
But I, an helpleſs ſin-ſick ſoul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou cov'nant angel, ſwift come down,
To-DAY thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuſe,
And give them now their ſacred uſe.

4 Thou ſee'ſt me lying at the pool,
I would thou know'ſt I would, be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And miniſter thy healing love.

XI. HYMNS
SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF
FAITH.

CLXIV. *Faith comes by hearing the word of God.* Rom. x, 17. L. M.

1 FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jeſus Chriſt the Lord;
The happy means which heav'n hath bleſt,
To bring us to the goſpel-reſt.

2 The joyful ſound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Thro' Jeſu's righteouſneſs divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth ſhine.

3 The promiſe of immortal bliſs
We have in Chriſt our righteouſneſs:
By this our righteouſneſs is bought,
Faith pleads our right, but buys it not.

4 True Faith receives the offer'd good,
And promiſe ſeal'd with Jeſu's blood.
Faith gives no title to the bliſs,
But takes the Saviour's righteouſneſs.

5 In the redeemer, as my head,
The cov'nant is eſtabliſhed:
In him the promiſes are *yea*,
In him *Amen*, and not in me.

* CXLV. *I am the Lord that healeth thee*, Exod. xv, 26. C. M. *Cowper.*

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded ſouls to thee repair,
And Saviour, we are ſuch.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confeſs,
We faintly truſt thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the leſs?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him, who once apply'd
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe, with tears, he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole,
Was anſwer'd: "Daughter, go it peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid'ſt the gath'ring throng,
She would have ſhun'd thine eyes,
And if her faith was firm and ſtrong,
Strong were her doubts likewiſe.

6 Like her with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee, if we may;
Oh ſend us not deſpairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

* CXLVI. *A living and dead Faith.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 MISTAKEN ſouls that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Chriſt the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the Heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial pow'r;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

5 [Faith muſt obey her father's will,
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own Holineſs.

6 When from the Curſe he ſets us free,
He makes our Natures clean;
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The Miniſter of Sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our Frame,
And ſeals our Peace with GOD;
JESUS, and his Salvation, came
By Water and by Blood.]

CXLVII. *Chooſing the better part*, Luke x. 42.
* L. M.

1 THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2 But O, I'm blind and ignorant,
The ſpirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happineſs and God.

3 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and thee.

4 Hidden in Chriſt the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way but Chriſt there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

5 O Jeſus Chriſt my Lord and God,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

CXLVIII. *The ſame.* L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 BESET with ſnares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I ſtand:
Saviour divine, diffuſe thy light
To guide my doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart,
To fix on *Mary's* better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day
For joys, that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildeſt ſtorms ariſe:
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall I fear,
But all my treaſures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jeſus, ſtill be nigh,
Chearful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

CXLIX. *The Lord our Righteouſneſs,* Jer. xxiii. 6. * L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up mine head.

2 When from the duſt of death I riſe
To take my manſion in the ſkies,
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
" Jeſus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge ſhall lay?
While thro' thy blood abſolv'd I am,
From ſin's tremendous curſe and ſhame.

4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinnere thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Chriſt is ever new.

6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord, our righteouſneſs.

* CL. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
Remain in my fav'rite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hung'ring and thirſting after thee,
May I be found each hour,
Humble in heart, and conſtantly
Supported by thy pow'r!

3 May thy bleſt ſpirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and conſtancy impart,
To live unto thy praiſe.

4 The myſtery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me:
Till I ſhall ſing in heav'n above,
Forever dwell with thee.

CLI. *Precious Faith.* 2 Peter i. 1.
S. M. *Beddome.*

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is beſtow'd!
It boaſts of a celeſtial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jeſus it owns a King,
An all-atoning prieſt,
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Chriſt.

3 To him it leads the ſoul,
When fill'd with deep diſtreſs;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And truſts his righteouſneſs.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, ſend the ſpirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

CLII. *The power of faith.*
C. M. *Turner.*

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs;
And ſaves me from its ſnares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer.
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain:

5 Shews me the precious promiſe ſeal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
'Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory riſe.

CLIII. *Faith fainting. Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of diſtreſs,
Juſt ready all hope to reſign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Diſhearten'd with waiting ſo long,
I ſink at thy feet with my load,
All-plaintive I pour out my ſong,
And ſtretch forth my hand unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror ſhall ceaſe;
The blood of atonemhnt apply;
And lead me to Jeſus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for ſweet is thy voice:
Thy preſence is fair to behold,
Attend to my ſorrows and cries,
My groaning that cannot be told.

3 If ſometimes I ſtrive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promiſe to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
While haraſs'd and caſt from thy ſight,
The tempter ſuggeſts with a roar,
"The Lord has forſaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath deſign'd
No covenant bleſſing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleaſure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to reſcue thou art;
Thy grace is my ſhield and my tow'r;
Come ſuccour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

CLIV. *Faith reviving.* 8. 8. 6 Jos.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Haſt thou, O father, put to grief
Thy ſpotleſs Son for me?
And will the righteous judge of men
Condemn me for the death of ſin,
Which, Lord, was charg'd for thee?

2 Complete atonement thou haſt made,
And to the utmoſt farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If ſhelter'd in thy righteouſneſs,
And ſprinkled in thy blood?

3 [If thou haſt my diſcharge procur'd,
And freely in my room endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand—
Firſt, at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my ſoul, unto thy reſt,
The merits of thy great high-preſt
Speak peace and liberty:
Truſt in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy baniſhment from God,
Since Jeſus dy'd for thee.

CLV. *Faith conquering. Shepherd of Iſrael.* Hart

1 THE moment a ſinner believes,
And truſts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood:

Tho' thouſands and thouſands of foes
Againſt him in malice unite,
Their rage, he thro' Chriſt, can oppoſe
Led forth by the ſpirit to fight.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings ſuch ſalvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name,
The work of God's ſpirit it is;
A principle active and young,
That lives under preſſure and load:
That makes out of weakneſs more ſtrong,
And draws the ſoul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquiſhes death and deſpair;
And O, let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by pray'r.—
Permits a vile worm of the duſt,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It ſays to the mountains, "Depart,"
That ſtand betwixt God and the ſoul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded conſciences whole;
Bids ſins of a crimſon-like dye
Be ſpotleſs as ſnow, and as white;
And raiſes the ſinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

CLVI. *Faith connected with ſalvation.* Rom. i. 16. Heb. x, 39. L. M. *Watts.*

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's ſons arrive to heaven:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient ſins forgiv'n.

2 Not the beſt deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conſcience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Chriſt, and ſaves the ſoul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my ſoul renew'd:
I mourn for ſin, and truſt the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and ſubdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power diſplay,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

XII. HYMNS
SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF
SANCTIFICATION.

* CLVII. C. M. J. Hutton

1 BESPRINKLE with thy blood my heart,
O Jeſus, Son of God;
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withſtood.

2 Deaden my nature's active fire,
And end all uſeleſs ſtrife;
That I may henceforth only thirſt
For thee, the well of life.

3 Here may I ſtay, and drink my fill,
And ne'er from hence depart;
My longing is for evermore:
"Fix at this ſpring my heart."

4 Dear Saviour, thou well know'ſt how oft
I've turn'd away from thee:
O let thy work renew'd to-day
Remain eternally.

* CLVIII. C M.

1 BELOVED Saviour, prince of life,
To us thy ſpirit give;
We pant to hear that ſacred voice
Which bids poor ſinners live.

2 Open to us thoſe living ſprings,
Which from thoſe wounds do flow:
Dart down thy bright refreſhing beams,
To us thy goodneſs ſhow.

3 'Tis thy deſire to ſave the loſt,
To eaſe them of their pain;
Therefore we cry to thee, O Chriſt,
Who for our ſins waſt ſlain.

4 O'erſtream our ſouls with thy rich grace
To us reveal thy will;
O be thou our Immanuel,
Thy work in us fulfil.

CLIX. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man, and he alone,
Who truly calls the Lord his own!
Who knows, who feels, his ſins forgiv'n,
And ſees his title good for heav'n.

2 May I that happy perſon be,
And have eternal life in thee—
Obtain ſalvation thro' the Lamb,
And glory only in his name!

3 Dear Lord, impute no ſin to me,
But pardon mine iniquity:
Anoint mine head with holy oil,
And cleanſe my heart from ſecret guile.

4 My fooliſh luſts and paſſions ſlay—
My darling idols take away:
Extinguiſh all unchaſte deſires,
Inflame my heart with heav'nly fires.

5 Now ſend thy gracious ſpirit down,
To ſanctify and ſeal thine own:
Lord, take my ſoul into thine hand,
And make me bow to thy command.

6 My heart, alas! is ſtill unclean!
Oh waſh me free from every ſtain!
Let freſh ſupplies of grace be giv'n,
Till I am pure, and meet for heav'n.

CLX. L. M.

1 O Lord, produce a change within,
Elſe outward worſhip's all in vain;
My nature make averſe to ſin,
And let my ſoul be borne again.

2 Thou know'ſt I cannot riſe to thee,
Vile, filthy creature as I am;
Oh! then do thou ſtoop down to me,
And love me freely, ſlaughter'd Lamb.

3 More of thy preſence ſtill impart,
More of thine image let me bear,
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

4 Give me to read my pardon ſeal'd,
And from thy grace to draw my ſtrength,
Thy boundleſs love be now reveal'd,
In all its height, depth, breadth, and length.

5 The pow'r of inbred ſin ſubdue,
My ſoul and body ſanctify;
And, day by day, my heart renew,
Till the old Adam wholly die!

6 Grant theſe requeſts—I aſk no more,
But to thy care the reſt reſign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All ſhall be well, if thou art mine.

CLXI. 7's.

1 JESU, conqu'ring King of ſaints,
Known to thee are all my wants:
Self-convicted, ſelf-abhor'd,
I approach thee, deareſt Lord.

2 Still I feel a fleſhly part
Much corrupted in my heart:
Oh! I'm very vile indeed!
Of thy blood I ſure have need.

3 Break, oh break this heart of ſtone
Form it for thy uſe alone:
Bid each idol to depart
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 Nothing I preſume to plead,
But thy blood ſo freely ſhed:
All hopes and joys ariſe
From thy bloody ſacrifice.

5 This confirms me, when I'm weak,
Comforts me, when I am ſick,
Baniſhes each ſad complaint;
Gives me courage, when I'm faint.

CLXII. L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy ſpirit moves my breaſt,
Hear and fulfil thine own requeſt.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word;
That wiſh to live to thee alone,
Oh ſtamp, and ſeal them for thine own.

3 Oh let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes;
Thy pow'r unto ſalvation ſhew,
And perfect holineſs below!

4 In them let all mankind behold
How chriſtians liv'd in days of old,
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 From ev'ry ſinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowſhip of ſaints made known,
And oh! my God, let me be one.

CLXII. C. M.

1 JESUS, omnipotent to ſave,
What can my hopes withſtand,
While thee my advocate I have,
Enthron'd at God's right-hand?

2 Nature is ſubject to thy word
All pow'r to thee is giv'n,
The uncontroul'd, Almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heav'n.

3 And ſhall my ſins thy will oppoſe?
Maſter, thy right maintain:
Oh let not thine uſurping foes
In me thy ſervant reign!

4 Come, take poſſeſſion of thine own
Thine empire now aſſert:
Come, gracious Lord, ſet up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

5 Thine enemies deſtroy in mine
Pronounce their ſpeedy doom:
In vengeance ſpeak—in brightneſs ſhine
The man of ſin conſume.

6 So ſhall I bleſs thy pleaſing ſway,
And to thy laws ſubmit
With loving heart ſhall I obey,
And at thy footſtool ſit.

CLXIII. C. M.

1 LORD, fill me with an humble fear
My utter helpleſſneſs reveal;
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 Oh that to thee my conſtant mind
Might, with an even flame, aſpire!
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the riſings of deſire!

3 Oh that my tender ſoul might fly
The firſt abhor'd approach of ill!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my ſoul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee the perfect day.

5 Correct whate'er thou ſeeſt amiſs,
Still lead me on from grace to grace,
And make me as my Saviour is,
Till I am meet to ſee thy face.

CLXIV. C. M.

1 BLESS, gracious Lord, my going out,
And bleſs my coming in!
Compaſs my weakneſs round about,
And keep me ſafe from ſin.

2 Still hide me in thy ſecret place,
Thy tabernacle ſpread;
Shelter me with preſerving grace,
And guard my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From ſin's alluring ſnare;
Ready its firſt approach to ſhun,
And watching unto pray'r.

4 Oh that I never, never more
May from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wandrings o'er,
By giving thee my heart!

5 O fix it upon things above,
And then from earth releaſe!
I aſk not life but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

CLXV. C. M.

1 O FOR an heart to praiſe my God,
An heart from ſin ſet free!
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone,

3 Oh for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 My heart, thou know'ſt can never reſt
Till, thou create my peace,
Till of mine Eden repoſſeſt,
From ev'ry ſin I ceaſe.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart.
Come quickly from above;
And with thy fulneſs fill my heart,
With light, and life, and love.

CLXVI. C. M.

1 MY dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle my conſcience with thy blood,
And cleanſe and keep me clean.

2 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own
Waſh me, and mine thou art:
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, and heart.

3 For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to ſight improve;
'Till hope ſhall in fruition die,
And all my ſoul be love.

CLXVII. L. M.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal.

2 Thy ſanctifying ſpirit pour
To quench my thirſt, and make me clean:
Now let the gracious heav'nly ſhow'r
Deſcend, and make me pure within.

3 Open my faith's interior eye
Diſplay thy glory from above:
Let all I am now ſink and die,
And fill my ſoul with peace and love.

4 Now overpow'r me by thy grace,
I would be by myſelf abhorr'd;
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe
Aſcribe to Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord.

5 Now let me gain perfection's height
Now let me into nothing fall
Be poor and vile in my own ſight,
And feel that Chriſt is all in all.

XIII. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SEVERAL

MEANS OF GRACE.

§ 1 SCRIPTURES.

CLXVIII. *Thy word is a lamp to my feet.* Pſa. cxix. 105. C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inſpiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines ſhine
To guide our ſouls to heaven.

2 It ſweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life ſhall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

CLIX. *The Riches of God's Word.* C. M. *Stennett.*

1 LET avarice, from ſhore to ſhore,
Her fav'rite God purſue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our ſight;
The pureſt gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counſels of redeeming grace
Theſe ſacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light deſcending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promiſes of heavenly love
Our ardent wiſhes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redreſt,
And all our wants ſupply'd:
Nought we can aſk to make us bleſt,
Is in this book denied.

6 For theſe ineſtimable gains,
That ſo enrich the mind,
O may we ſearch with eager pains,
Aſſur'd that we ſhall find.

CLXX. *The ſufficiency of the holy Scriptures.*
C. M. *Steele.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt,
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys,
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light!

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

THE LAW.

CLXXI. *Our duty to God.* Exod. xx. 3—12.
C. M. *Gibbons' 1784*

1 THAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and ſea,
Own as thy God, and to his name
In homage bow the knee.

2 Let not a ſhape which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or ſtone,
Be deem'd thy God, nor think him like
Aught thou haſt ſeen or known.

3 Take not in vain the name of God :
Nor muſt thou ever dare,
To make thy falſehood paſs for truth,
By his dread name to ſwear.

4 That day on which he bids thee reſt
From toil, to pray and praiſe,
That day, keep holy to the Lord,
And conſecrate its rays.

5 O may that God, who gave theſe laws,
Write them on every heart,
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart !

CLXXII. *The ſinner fonnd wanting in the eye of God's Law.* Dan. v. 27. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 RAISE, thoughtleſs ſinner, raiſe thine eye ;
Behold the balance lifted high :
There ſhall God's juſtice be diſplay'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one ſcale his perfect law,
Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
Wouldſt thou the awful teſt ſuſtain,
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!

2 Behold ! the hand of God appears
To trace theſe dreadful characters ;
" *Tekel*, thy ſoul is wanting found,
" And wrath ſhall ſmite thee to the ground."

4 Let ſudden fear thy nerves embrace ;
Confuſion wild o'er ſpread thy face ;
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguiſh roll,
And deep repentance melt thy ſoul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail ;
Chriſt in the ſcripture turns the ſcale :
Still doth the Goſpel publiſh peace.
And ſhew a Saviour's righteouſneſs.

6 Jeſus, exert thy power to ſave,
Deep on his heart thy truth engrave ;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may ſing thy love.

CLXXIII. *The law and goſpel; or, Chriſt our refuge.* C. M. *Watts's Lyric's.*

1 " CURST be the man, for ever curſt,
" That doth one wilful ſin commit ;
" Death and damnation on the firſt,
" Without relief and infinite."

2 Thus Sinai roars ; and round the earth
Thunder and fire and vengeance flings ;
But, Jeſus, thy dear gaſping breath,
And Calvary ſays gentler things ;

3 " Pardon and grace, and boundleſs love,
" Streaming along a Saviour's blood ;
" And life, and joys, and crowns above,
" Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips) " FORGIVE ;
And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, " Father let the rebels live."

5 Go you that reſt upon the law,
And toil and ſeek ſalvation there,
Look to the flame that Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the croſs,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen ſword that juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

THE GOSPEL.

CLXXIV. *The Goſpel of Chriſt.*
L. M. *Beddome.*

1 GOD, in the goſpel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here his richeſt mercy ſhines,
And truth is drawn in faireſt lines,

2 Here ſinners of an humble frame
May taſte his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely juſt, immenſely good.

3 Here Jeſus, in ten thouſand ways
His ſoul-attracting charms diſplays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting ſtrains.

4 Wiſdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the ſinner live,
It bids the drooping ſaint revive.

5 Our raging paſſions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite ſouls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey thro'.

6 May this bleſt volume ever lie
Cloſe to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's laſt hour my ſoul engage,
And be my cloſen heritage!

CLXXV. *The Goſpel worthy of all Acceptation.*

1 Tim. i. 15. C. M. *Gibbons.*

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Sephraphim obey,
The boſom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our ſinful world he comes
The meſſenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Tranſgreſſors of the deepeſt ſtain
In him ſalvation find:
His blood removes the fouleſt guilt,
His ſpirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jeſus ſaves from ſin and hell,
His words are true and ſure,
And on this rock our faith may reſt
Immoveably ſecure.

5 O let theſe tidings be receiv'd
With univerſal joy,
And let the high angelic praiſe
Our tuneful powers employ!

6 "Glory to God, who gave his Son
"To bear our ſhame and pain:
"Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
"In endleſs bleſſings reign.

CLXXVI. *The Jubilee.* P. M. *Toplady.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The ſin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

3 [Ye, who have ſold for nought
The heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.]

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.]

5 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

6 Jeſus, our great high prieſt,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

CLXXVII. *The Goſpel Jubilee.* Pſm. lxxxix. 15. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round,
Let every ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
Of ſin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty aſſert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boaſt, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden ſtreets, and pearly gates.

5 Her bleſs'd inhabitants no more,
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immenſely great,
Their joy ſtill riſes with the debt.

6 O happy ſouls, that know the ſound,
Celeſtial light their ſteps ſurround,
And ſhew that Jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years ſhall run.

CLXXVIII. *The glorious goſpel of the bleſſed God*

1 Tim. i. 11. C. M. *S. Stennett.*

1 WHAT wiſdom, majeſty and grace
Thro' all the goſpel ſhine!
'Tis God that ſpeaks and we confeſs
The doctrine moſt divine.

2 Down from his ſtarry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble fleſh aſſumes.

3 The mighty debt that ſinners ow'd,
Upon the croſs he pays:
Then thro' the clouds aſcends to God,
Midſt ſhouts of loftieſt praiſe.

4 There he our great high prieſt appears.
Before his Father's throne:
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pour ſalvation down.

5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy juſtice and thy grace;
And on thy faithfulneſs and power
Our firm dependence place.

CLXXIX. *A rational defence of the Goſpel.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 SHALL *Atheiſts* dare inſult the croſs
Of our incarnate God?
Shall Infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?

2 What if he chooſe myſterious ways
To cleanſe us from our faults?
May not the works of ſovereign grace,
Tranſcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his Goſpel bids us ſtrive
With fleſh, and ſelf, and ſin?
The prize is moſt divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men, deſpis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For ſo the Prophets ſpake.

5 Do ſome that own his ſacred truth,
Indulge their ſouls in ſin?
None ſhould reproach the Saviour's name,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and ſtrong,
Our lips profeſs his word;
Nor ever ſhun thoſe holy men,
Who fear and love the Lord.

PREACHING.

CLXXX. *The Bleſſedneſs of the Goſpel Times.*
Iſa. lii. 7, 10. P. M. *Watts.*

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Zion's hill!
Who brings ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

CLXXXI. *Chriſt's Commiſſion to Preach the Goſpel.* Mat. x. L. M.

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Goſpel trumpet ſound;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where ſalvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wiſe as ſerpents where you go,
But harmleſs as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n-taught conduct ſhow
That you're commiſſion'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus ſhall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, ſinners live.

CLXXXII. *The ſame Commiſſion.* Mat. xxviii. 18, &c.—Mark xvi. 15, &c. L. M.

1 "GO preach my goſpel ſaith the Lord:
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
"Explain to them my ſacred word
"Bid them believe, obey, and live,!

2 "I'll make my great commiſſion known,
"And ye ſhall prove my goſpel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"And all the wonders ye ſhall do.

3 " Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
" Go caſt out devils in my name;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaſpheme.

4 " While thus ye follow my commands,
" I'm with you till the world ſhall end,
" All pow'r is truſted in my hands;
" I can deſtroy, and can defend."

5 He ſpake and light ſhown round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode!
They to the fartheſt nations ſpread
The grace of their aſcended God.

CLXXXIII. *A Prayer for more Laborers.*

S. M.

1 LORD of the harveſt, hear
Thy needy ſervants cry,
Anſwer our Faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants ſupply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view:
The harveſt, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert and ſend forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them ſpeak thy word of pow'r.
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure goſpel-word,
The word of gen'ral grace;
There let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them ſpread thy name.
Their miſſion fully prove,
Thy univerſal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

CLXXXIV. Exod. xiv. 21.—ix. 23.—Num. xx. 11. L. M.

1 WHEN Moſes wav'd his myſtic rod,
What wonders follow'd while he ſpoke!
Firm as a wall the waters ſtood,
Or guſh'd in rivers from the rock.

2 At his command, the thunders roll'd—
Lightning and hail his voice obey'd;
And Pharoah trembled, to behold
His land in deſolation laid.

3 But what could Moſes' rod have done,
Had he not been divinely ſent?
The pow'r was from the Lord alone,
And Moſes but the inſtrument.

4 O Lord, regard thy peoples pray'rs,
Aſſiſt a worm to preach aright;
And ſince the goſpel rod he bears,
Diſplay thy wonders in our ſight.

5 Proclaim the thunders of thy law
Like lightning, let thine arrows fly;
That careleſs ſinners, ſtruck with awe,
For mercy may to Jeſus cry.

6 Make ſtreams of godly ſorrow flow
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel;
And let the poor in ſpirit know
That thou art near, their griefs to heal.

CLXXXV. *A great and effectual door is opened.*
1 Cor. xvi. 9. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy bleſſing we implore:
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcaſts in, and ſave
From ſin, and Satan's pow'r;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know thier gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls, thou know'ſt to prize
What thou haſt bought ſo dear;
Come, then, and, in each ſinner's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuff'ring Son of God;
And let them ſee thee in thy veſt,
As newly dipt in blood.

5 The heart of ſtone from all remove,
Thou who for all haſt dy'd;
Shew them the tokens of thy love
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide.

6 Oh let thy wounds to ſinners cry,
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"
And may thy ſpirit now apply,
And prove the record true.

CLXXXVI. *The Goſpel Trumpet.* P. M.

1 HARK! how the goſpel trumpet ſounds!
Thro' all the earth the echo bounds!

And Jeſus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing ſinners back to God;
And guides them ſafely by his word,
To endleſs day.

2 Hail, all victorious conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for ſinful man,
And brought ſalvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endleſs day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring ſouls, fight on,
And when the conqueſt you have won,
The palms of vict'ry you ſhall bear,
And in his kingdom have a ſhare,
And crowns of glory ever wear.
In endleſs day.

4 There we ſhall in ſweet chorus join,
And ſaints and angels all combine,
To ſing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move;
And this ſhall be our theme above,
In endleſs day.

§ 2 BAPTISM.

* CLXXXVII. *Prayer for the Efficacy of Baptiſm.*
C. M.

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord!
(In him our Father too)
O bleſs, we pray, with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2 Jeſus! as water well applied
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy ſide
Waſh thou this ſoul from ſin.

3 O Holy Ghoſt! with pow'r apply
The Saviour's cleanſing blood;
Own thou this babe, and teſtify,
It is a child of God.

CLXXXVIII. *Baptiſm.* Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38. L. M. *Watts.*

1 'TWAS the commiſſion of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he aſcended to the ſkies.

2 He ſits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals,
To bleſs the diſtant Britiſh lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he ſaith,
"For the remiſſion of your ſins;"
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhews us what his Goſpel means.

4 Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good ſpirit from our God
Deſcends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal three
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record!

CLXXXIX. *Circumcision and Baptism.*
L. M. *Watts.*

1 THUS did the ſons of Abra'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of Grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

3 Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood;
Their children ſet apart for God;
His ſpirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praiſe.

CXC. *Prayer for the Efficacy of Baptism.*
C. M.

1 CELESTIAL Dove, deſcend from high,
And on the water brood:
Come, with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.

2 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our requeſt renew:
Accept in Chriſt and bleſs withal
The work we have to do.

CXCI. *The same.* L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
Honour the means obtain'd by thee!
Make good our apoſtolic boaſt,
And own thy glorious miniſtry.

2 Father, in theſe reveal thy Son:
In theſe for whom we ſeek thy face,
The hidden myſtery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jeſus, with us thou always art:
Effect'ate now the ſacred ſign;
The gift unſpeakable impart,
And bleſs the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, deſcend from high,
Baptizer of our ſpirits thou!
The ſacramental ſeal apply,
And witneſs with the water now!

§ 3 LORD's SUPPER.

* CXCII. L. M.

1 O JESUS! bridegroom of my ſoul,
Make me, a broken veſſel, whole,
By that ſweet blood which on the tree
Thou poureſt out for ſin and me.

2 Full of reproach, and full of fear
To thy bleſt table I draw near,
Oh, tho' I'm naked ſick and blind,
In mercy, caſt me not behind.

3 Thy body is of life the bread
To man in ſin and ſorrows dead,
Thy blood's the ſparkling wine of love;
The richeſt in the ſtores above.

4 Hung'ring and thirſting, lo! I come,
Oh, find me at thy table, room,
To me of this bleſt banquet give,
And let me eat and drink, and live.

* CXCIII. C. M.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And heav'nly glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſaith, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3 "Here," (ſaith our kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhews his wounded ſide)
"Behold the ſpring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."

4 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

* CXCIV. C. M.

1 TOGETHER with theſe ſymbols, Lord,
Thy bleſſed ſelf impart
And let thy holy fleſh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our ſins be waſh'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy ſpirit be the ſeal
That we are ſons of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghoſt, with Jeſu's love,
Prepare us for this feaſt;
And let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breaſt.

* CXCV. C. M.

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The lamb, for ſinners ſlain
Did almoſt with his lateſt breath
This ſolemn feaſt ordain.

2 To keep thy feaſt, Lord we are met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor ſinner to repeat,
"For me he dy'd, for me."

3 Thy ſuff'rings Lord each ſacred ſign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our voices, and enflame
Our hearts with love to thee,
That each may greatfully proclaim,
"My Saviour dy'd for me."

* CXCVI. C. M.

1 WHEN we before our ſaviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He ſoothes our griefs, and pard'ning grace
To ev'ry one imparts.

2 When we commemorate his love,
He ſaith, "For you I dy'd:
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And view my wounded ſide.

3 "Theſe are the wounds I bore for you,
"The tokens of my pain;
"By which I for your guilty ſouls
"Eternal life did gain."

4 Our thirſting hearts drink Jeſu's blood,
That precious ranſom-price;
We eat his body broke for us,
A precious ſacrifice.

5 Ah then we feel that life divine
In Jeſu's death abounds,
Eternal bleſſings from his croſs,
And healing from his wounds.

CXCVII. *The Lord's Supper Inſtituted.* 1. Cor. xi. 23, &c. L. M. *Watts.*

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the ſon of God's delight,
And friend's betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread and bleſs'd and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he ſpake!

3 "This is my body, broke for ſin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and bleſs'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his fleſh with nails was torn,
He bore the ſcourge, he felt the thorn:
And juſtice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy veng'ance in our ſtead.

5 For us his vital blood was ſpilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes the biggeſt ſize,
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]

6 ["Do this," he cry'd, "till time ſhall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jeſus! thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy Death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The Marriage ſupper of the Lamb.]

CXCVII. *Communion with Chriſt and with his ſaints.* i. Cor. x. 16, 17. S. M. *Watts.*

1 [JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gave his fleſh
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour, matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending God.]

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union of our living Lord,
And int'reſt in his death.

4 Our heav'nly father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born ſon.

5 We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken breads;
One body hath its ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe:
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

CXCVIII. *Chriſt the bread of life.* John 6.
C. M. *Watts.*

1 LET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our ſouls have fed:
Thou art our living ſtream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions which we taſte
Can raiſe us from the dead.]

4 Bleſs'd be the Lord, that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men;
And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5 Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jeſus finds ſupplies:
Nor ſhall our graces ſink in death,
For Jeſus never dies.

5 [Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt our life ſhall come;
His unreſiſted pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.]

CXCIX. *Our Lord Jeſus at his own table.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 [THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he ſpreads his royal board,
And bleſs'd the food, and ſung:

2 Happy the man that eats this bread;
But doubly bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the ſame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' Breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the ſkies,
Hither the king deſcends;
"Come, my beloved, eat, he cries;
"And drink ſalvation, friends.

5 ["My fleſh is food and phyſic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
"From theſe my pierced veins."]

6 Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt.]

CC. *Incomparable Food; or, the Fleſh and Blood of Chriſt.* S. M. *Watts.*

1 [WE ſing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nouriſh dying worms.

2 This ſoul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that ſacred fleſh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth has no dainties half ſo ſweet]
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam ſought,
And ſearch'd his garden round;
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all that happy ground.

5 Th' angelic hoſt above
Can never taſte this food;
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs grace,
And meets us with ſome cheering word,
With pleaſure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping ſaints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your ſad complaints,
And tune your voice to ſing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Chriſt:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highe'ſt.

CCI. *The ſame.* L. M. *Watts.*

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet:
Thy table is divinely ſtor'd;
Thy ſacred fleſh our ſouls have ate,
'Tis living bread, we thank thee, Lord.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood!
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food:
In vain we ſearch the globe around
For bread ſo fine, or wine ſo good.

4 Carnal proviſions can at beſt
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taſte
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the maſter of the feaſt;
His name our Souls for ever bleſs;
To God the king, and God the prieſt,
A loud hoſanna round the place.

CCII. *A Welcome to Chriſt's Table.*

C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THIS is the feaſt of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to ſup;
The juices of the living vine,
Were preſs'd to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bleſs the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a coſtlier treat,
For Jeſus is the bread!

3 The vile, the loſt, he calls to them,
Ye trembling ſouls appear!
The righteous in their own eſteem,
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuſe
The banquet ſpread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and ſin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I ſhall ſee his face.

CCIII. *A Sacramental Hymn.*
C. M. S. *Stennett.*

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But moſt of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:

2 I that am all defil'd with ſin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What ſtrange ſurpriſing grace is this,
That ſuch a ſoul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand
My Jeſus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feaſt was made for you:
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and died
"And roſe, and triumph'd too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye ſaints below and hoſts of heaven,
Join all your praiſing powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thouſand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thouſand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

CCIV. *My fleſh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,* John vi. 55. C. M. *S. Stennett.*

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repaſt,
Himſelf come down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feaſt
Upon the ſacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the ſhameful croſs,
For us, his welcome gueſts, procur'd
Theſe heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudeſt hands,
Becomes the fineſt bread:
And, with the bleſſing he commands,
Our nobleſt hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love ſo free,
Dear Saviour ſo divine!
Well thou may'ſt claim that heart of me,
Which owes ſo much to thine.

7 Yes, thou ſhalt ſurely have my heart,
My ſoul, my ſtrength, my all:
With life itſelf I'll freely part,
My Jeſus at thy call.

CCV. *Self dedication at the Lord's table.* L. M. *Davies.*

1 LORD, am I thine, enterely thine?
Purchas'd and ſav'd by blood divine?
With full conſent thine I would be;
And own thy ſovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new maſter, now I call,
And conſecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

CCVI. *Sacramental Hymn.* S. M. *doubled.*

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the paſchal lamb.
Our paſſover was ſlain
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we in who our tents remain,
Shall gain his largeſt grace.

2 This euchariſtic feaſt
Our every want ſupplies,
And ſtill we by his death are bleſt,
And ſhare his ſacrifice:
By faith his fleſh we eat,
Who here his paſſion ſhew,
And God out of his holy ſeat
Shall all his gifts beſtow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His ſufferings to record,
Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;

As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his croſs had ſtood,
And ſeen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his guſhing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finiſh'd now!
The mortal pang is paſt!
By faith his head we ſee him bow,
And hear him breathe his laſt!
We too with him are dead,
And ſhall with him ariſe,
The croſs on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the ſkies.

CCVII. *Sacrament.* L. M.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel feaſt,
Jeſus invites you for his gueſt;
Oh taſte the goodneſs of your God,
And eat his fleſh, and drink his blood.

2 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd love make haſte, embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

3 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with him, and he with you;
Come to the feaſt, be ſav'd from ſin,
For Jeſus waits to take you in.

CCVIII. *Sacrament.* C. M.

1 COME Holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal,
Thine inward witneſs give;
And to my inmoſt ſoul reveal
The death by which I live.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
I ſeek thee crucify'd;
The man that ſuffer'd in my place,
The God that groan'd and dy'd.

3 Spectator of the pangs divine,
Oh that I now may be!
Diſcerning in the ſacred ſign
His paſſion on the tree.

4 Give me to underſtand that ſound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
And broke the rocks in twain.

5 Repeat my dying Savior's cry
Unto my heart ſo loud,
That my whole ſoul may now reply,
"This is the ſon of God."

§ 4 PRAYER.

CCIX. *Exhortation to Prayer.*
L. M. *Cowper.*

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wiſhes to be often there?

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw!
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining pray'r we ceaſe to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide
But when through wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent,
To heav'n in ſupplication ſent ;
Your cheerful ſong would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CCX. *Power of prayer.*

7's *Newton.*

1 IN themſelves, as weak as worms,
How can poor believers ſtand,
When temptation's, foes and ſtorms.
Preſs them cloſe on ev'ry hand?

2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God, who anſwers pray'r
Helps them when they ſeek his face.

3 Tho' the Lord a while delay,
Succour they at length obtain ;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wreſtling pray'r can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepeſt ſtraits;
Pray'r can force a paſſage thro'
Iron bars and brazen gates.

5 Hezekiah on his knees,
Proud Aſſyria's hoſt ſubdu'd;
And when ſmitten with diſeaſe,
Had his life by pray'r renew'd.

6 Peter, tho' confin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out;
When Elijah pray'd it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.

7 We can likewiſe witneſs bear,
That the Lord is ſtill the ſame;
Tho' we fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliv'rance came.

8 For the wonders he hath wrought,
Let us now our praiſes give:
And by ſweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

CCXI. *The requeſt.* S. M. *doubled.*

1 JESU, my ſtrength my hope,
On thee I caſt my care,
With humble confidence look on
And know thou hear'ſt my pray'r;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On the Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and caſts behind,
The baits of pleaſing ill:
A ſoul inur'd to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs;
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain,
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick diſcerning eye,
That looks to thee when ſin is near,
And ſees the tempter-fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealouſs care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe,
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſuff'rings leſs.
This bleſſing above all
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle ſteady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

7 I reſt upon thy word;
The promiſe is for me:
My ſuccour and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee,
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

CCXII. *Let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace*, Heb. iv. 16. L. M. *Beddome.*

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aſpect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 Th' incircling rainbow, peaceful ſign!
Doth with refulgent brightneſs ſhine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewel to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage ſing, with fervour pray;
And tho' myſelf a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son.—

4 Thy Son, who on the accurſed tree,
Expir'd to ſet the vileſt free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I aſk is in his name.

CCXIII. *The Lord's Prayer*, Mat. vi, 9—13. 8. 8. 6. *J. Straphan.*

1 OUR Father whoſe eternal ſway
The bright angelic hoſts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear:

When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet ſubmiſſive fall,
O! condeſcend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy ſceptre bend,
And yield to ſov'reign love:
May we take pleaſure to fulfil
The ſacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us ſtill a freſh ſupply,
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And fill the ſilent tomb.

4 Pardon our ſins, O God! that riſe,
And call for vengeance from the ſkies;
And while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never reſt,
And malice harbour in that breaſt
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power
O! ſet our ſpirits free:
And if temptation ſhould aſſail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the pow'r, to thee belongs
The conſtant tribute of our ſongs,
All glory to thy name:
Let ev'ry creature join our lays,
In one reſounding act of praiſe
Thy wonders to proclaim.

CCXIV. L. M. *Swain.*

1 WELCOME, dear brethren, to this place!
Be baniſh'd ev'ry ſlaviſh fear!
Ye come to ſeek Emmanuel's face,
And he has promis'd to be here.

2 Seek him in pray'r—he'll ſurely come
To do us good before we part;
Each humble breaſt he'll make his home,
And dwell in ev'ry waiting heart.

3 He'll come with all his gracious train
Of lively graces bright and ſtrong;
Then ſhall the Lamb for ſinners ſlain
Sound loud and ſweet from ev'ry tongue.

4 Oh then be earneſt, take no nay,
He'll anſwer ev'ry good deſire;
Give him your hearts—though cold as clay,
They'll melt like wax before the fire!

CCXV. L. M. *Cowper.*

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-ſeat;
Where'er they ſeek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hollow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteſt the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy choſen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The ſweetneſs of thy ſaving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
To ſtrengthen faith and ſweeten care;
To teach our faint deſires to riſe,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold at thy commanding word,
We ſtretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider ſpace,
And bleſs us with a large increaſe.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor ſhort thine arm nor deaf thine ear:
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thouſand hearts thine own!

CCXVI. *Invitation to Prayer.* S. M.
Burnham.

1 COME, all who love to pray,
On Jeſus caſt your care;
And ev'ry praying ſoul ſhall find
He loves to anſwer pray'r.

2 See how he looks, and ſmiles,
From yonder ſhining throne;
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,
And ſends rich bleſſings down!

3 Ye hung'ring, thirſting ſouls,
O pray, and never faint;
Freſh ſcenes of love our Lord diſplays
To ev'ry praying ſaint.

4 And whither ſhould we fly
But to a throne of grace?
For there we prove celeſtial joy,
And find ſubſtantial peace.

CCXVII. *Chriſt's Preſence in Praying Societies.* L. M. *Stennett.*

1 WHERE two or three, with ſweet accord,
Obedient to their ſovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer ſolemn pray'r and praiſe.;

2 "There," ſays the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid this little company;
"To them unveil my ſmiling face,
"And ſhed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now ſend thy ſpirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

CCXVIII. *Aſk what I ſhall give thee,* 1 Kings iii. 5. 7's. *Newton.*

1 COME, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare,
Jeſus loves to anſwer pray'r;
He himſelf hath bid thee pray,
Therefore will not ſay thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are ſuch,
None can ever aſk too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of ſin!
Let my blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Set my conſcience free from guilt.

4 Lord I come to thee for reſt,
Take poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glaſs
Anſwers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own reſemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my ſpirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me live thy people's death.

CCXIX. *A Prayer for Youth.*
C. M. *Cowper.*

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of ſaving grace;
And let the ſeed of ſacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows
Of pure and heavenly root:
But faireſt in the youngeſt ſhews,
And yields the ſweeteſt fruit.

3 Ye careleſs ones, O hear betimes
The voice of ſov'reign love!
Your youth is ſtain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a ſtone
Within the youngeſt breaſt,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your reſt.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the ſecret tear is ſhed,
O ſhed yourſelves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jeſus whom we preach.

CCXX. *Another.* 7's *Newton.*

1 NOW may fervent pray'r ariſe
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the ſkies;
Fervent pray'r ſhall bring us down
Gracious anſwers from the throne.

2 Bleſs, O Lord, the opening year,
To each ſoul aſſembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought ſheep!
Teach the ſtony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to ſee,
See themſelves, and look on thee!

4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of ſacred truth;
While the goſpel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the deſert of ſin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This ſhall melt a heart of ſteel.

6 Where thou haſt thy work begun,
Give new ſtrength the race to run;
Scatter darkneſs, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

7 Bleſs us all both old and young;
Call forth praiſe from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole aſſembly prove
All thy pow'r and all thy love.

CCXXI. *Another. Eight lines, 7's.*

Cowper.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children ſee,
By thy mercy we are free;
But ſhall theſe, alas! remain
Subjects ſtill of Satan's reign?
Iſrael's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold
Then thy meſſenger ſaid, "No;
"Let the children alſo go."

2 When the angel of the Lord
Drawing forth his dreadful ſword,
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the firſt-born of the land;
Then thy people's doors he paſs'd,
Where the bloody ſign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Chriſt for theſe!

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his ſight;
Spread my pinions, King of kings!
Hide them ſafe beneath thy wings;
Leſt the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

CCXXII. *A Prayer for Power, on the Means of Grace.* L. M. *Newton.*

1 O THOU! at whoſe Almighty word
The glorious light from darkneſs ſprung!
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with power the preachers tongue.

2 Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to ſpeak,
He cannot give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine, the ſtubborn heart to break,
And make the careleſs ſinner fear.

3 As when of old, the water flow'd
Forth from the rock at thy command;
Moſes in vain had wav'd his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.

4 As when the walls of Jericho
Down to the earth at once were caſt;
It was thy pow'r that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blaſt.

5 Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone, depend;
To make the goſpel's joyful ſound
Effectual to the promis'd end.

6 Now while we hear thy word of grace,
Let ſelf and pride before it fall;
And rocky hearts diſſolve apace,
In ſtreams of ſorrow at thy call.

CCXXIII. *Jabez's Prayer.* 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.
C. M. *Newton.*

1 JESUS, who bought us with his blood,
And makes our ſouls his care:
Was known of old as Iſrael's God,
And anſwer'd Jabez' pray'r.

2 Jabez! a child of grief! the name
Befits poor ſinners well;
For Jeſus bore the croſs and ſhame,
To ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead
For mercies from above:
O come, and bleſs our ſouls indeed,
With light and joy and love.

4 The goſpel's promis'd land is wide,
We fain would enter in:
But we are preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
With unbelief and ſin.

5 Ariſe, O Lord, enlarge our coaſt,
Let us poſſeſs the whole;
That ſatan may no longer boaſt,
He can can thy work controul.

6 Oh, may thy hand be with us ſtill,
Our guide and guardian be;
To keep us ſafe from ev'ry ill,
Till death ſhall ſet us free.

7 Help us on thee to caſt our care,
And on thy word to reſt;
That Iſrael's God, who heareth pray'r
Will grant us our requeſt.

CCXXIV. *The ſame.* S. M.

1 "O THAT the Lord indeed
" Would me his ſervant bleſs,
" From every evil ſhield my head,
" And crown my paths with peace!

2 " Be his almighty hand
" My helper and my guide,
" 'Till with his ſaints in *Canaan's* land,
" My portion he divide."

CCXXV. S. M. *Burnham.*

1 LORD, from thy throne behold
Thy ſaints aſſembled here,
Whoſe hearts aſcend with warm deſire
To feel thy preſence near.

2 Thro' all the glooms of ſin
May thy rich mercy blaze;
And make it known, thou heareſt pray'r,
And worthy art of praiſe.

CCXXVI. C. M. *Swain.*

1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord
When Chriſt himſelf draws near,
And ev'ry heart, with one accord,
Aſcends in ſolemn prayer,

2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love
In heav'nly ſhow'rs deſcend,
Our ſouls commune with ſaints above
In bliſs that knows no end.

CCXXVII. *A prayer for divine influence.* L. M.

1 BELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy croſs's train;
In mercy to our aid deſcend,
Or elſe we worſhip thee in vain:

2 In vain we meet to ſing and pray,
If Chriſt his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy preſence in theſe means,
To bleſs a vile and helpleſs race.

4 Here manifeſt thyſelf in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And ſend the cheering bleſſings down.

5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow as ſinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

CCXXVIII. P. M. *Burnham.*

1 O JESUS, deſcend,
Our pray'rs now attend,
And prove unto us a compaſſionate friend:

Dear Saviour, to thee
We ardently pray,
That heavenly bleſſings thou now wouldſt covey.

2 We hither are met,
To fall at thy feet,
Expecting rich mercies from thy mercy-ſeat;
O Jeſus, draw near,
And anſwer each pray'r,
And may we acknowledge—'tis to be here.

CCXXIX. *The nature and uſe of prayer.* L. M.

Hart

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The bleſſings God deſigns to give:
Long as they live ſhould chriſtians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The chriſtian's heart his pray'r indites,
He ſpeaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Chriſt receives, and gives it in.

3 And ſhall we in dead ſilence lie,
When Chriſt ſtands waiting for our pray'r?
My ſoul, thou haſt a friend on high,
Ariſe, and try thy int'reſt there.

CCXXX. C. M. *Newton.*

1 O Lord, our languid ſouls inſpire,
For here, we truſt, thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind beſtow;
And ſhine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith preſent our pray'rs;
And, in the preſence of our Lord,
Unboſom all our cares.

CCXXXI. *Thy kingdom come.* Mat. vi. 10.
L. M. *Beddome.*

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty king,
And ſpread thy glories all abroad,
Let thine own arm ſalvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy ſeat,
Let humble mourners ſeek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdom of the Lord;
Let ſaints and angels praiſe thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

CCXXXII. *For private prayers.*
L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And cl o ſe thoſe ſhadowy forms no more;
Seek out ſome ſolitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whoſe piercing eye
Diſtinctly marks each deep receſs;
In theſe ſequeſtered hours draw nigh,
And with thy preſence fill the place.

3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My ſearch let heavenly wiſdom guide
And ſtill its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be ſearch'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the viſits of thy love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt ſoul to cheer;
Till every grace ſhall join to prove
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

CCXXXIII. *The ſame.* C. M. Mat. vi, 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye,
Sees thro' the darkeſt night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

2 There may that piercing eye ſurvey,
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's ſhade.

3 O let thy own celeſtial fire
The incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my redeemer's name.

4 So ſhall the viſits of thy love
My ſoul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy ſuppliant to confeſs.

CCXXXIV. *On going to a New Habitation.* C. M. Beddome

1 GREAT God where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raiſe;
And there with humble frame preſent
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

2 To thee we give our health and ſtrength,
While health and ſtrength ſhall laſt,
For future mercies humbly truſt,
Nor e'er forget the paſt.

CCXXXV. *The Chriſtian's nobleſt reſolution.* Joſh. xxiv. 15. L. M. *Steele.*

1 AH! wretched ſouls who ſtrive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin,
A nobler toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

2 May I reſolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to ſerve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

3 O be his ſervice all my joy,
Around let my example ſhine,
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labours ſo divine.

4 Be this the purpoſe of my ſoul,
My ſolemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his ſupreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint for tire,
Nor wandering leave his ſacred ways,
Great God, accept my ſoul's deſire,
And give me ſtrength to ſing thy praiſe.

CCXXXVI. *Family Religion.* Gen. xviii. 19. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are ſtill ſuſtain'd.

3 To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

4 To thee may each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows;
Our ſervants there, and riſing race
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

5 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

XIV. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF

PRAISE.

* CCXXVII. *Bleſſings to God for his goodneſs to Soul and Body.* Pſm. ciii. 1—6. L. M. *Watts.*

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home my thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim my higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought,
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

* CCXXXVIII. *A Song of Praiſe to Chriſt the Redeemer.* *Watts.*

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name,
Of him that ſits upon the throne;
And to adore the lamb.

* CCXXXIX. *The ſame.* C. M.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.

2 Jeſus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſick in the ſinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the priſ'ners free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He ſpeaks, and liſt'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf, his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CCXL. *Praiſe for the Sufferings and Death of Chriſt.* C. M.

1 O JESUS, for thy matchleſs love,
Accept our warmeſt praiſe
Since thou didſt leave thy throne above,
To ſave a ſinful race.

2 Thanks for thy ſuff'rings, tears and cries,
And groans in thy diſtreſs;
The ſource of never fading joys,
And endleſs happineſs.

3 Thanks for thy thirſt, O Prince of peace,
When hanging on the tree,
What a divine refreſhment this,
To ſouls athirſt for thee!

4 Thanks for thy laſt heart-piercing cry,
And meritorious death,
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

CCXLI. *Univerſal and Perpetual Praiſe.*
L. M. *doubled.*

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſun ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In ſongs of praiſe divinely ſing;
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name:
In ev'ry land begin the ſong,
To ev'ry land the ſtrains belong;
In cheerful ſounds all voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

CCXLII. Pſalm cxlviii. P. M.

1 YE boundleſs reals of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame!
His praiſe your ſongs employ,
Above the ſtarry frame!
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe!

2 Thou moon that rul'ſt the night,
And ſun that guid'ſt the day;
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay!

His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move,
In liquid air!

3 Let earth her tribute give,
And magnify his name,
By whom all creatures live
His wond'rous pow'r proclaim!
In this deſign,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

4 His choſen ſaints to grace,
He ſets them up on high;
And favours Iſrael's race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh:
Oh, therefore, raiſe
Your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe!

CCXLIV. *Praiſe to God from all Creatures.*

L. M. *doubled.* *Majeſty.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir
That fill the realms above!
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love!
Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode!
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

2 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,

Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays!
Ye winds reſound his name aloud,
Thro' the etherial blue!
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheel of you.

3 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear, in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand!
Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar!
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe.
And ſhore reply to ſhore!

4 Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe,
In coarſer harmony.
Thus, while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, catch the ſound—
Echo the glories of your king,
Thro' all the nations round!

CCXLV. C. M. *Watts's Lyric's.*

1 FATHER how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But, when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebelious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join,
In their divineſt forms;

4 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which attribute moſt ſplendid ſhone,
The juſtice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains,

6 Oh, may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CCXLVI. *Six lines*, 8's.

1 I'LL praiſe my maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God; he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train:
His truth forever ſtands ſecure!
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind;
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

XV. HYMNS
SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF
DEATH.

* CCXLVII. C. M.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and above;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till it ſhall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his ſaving grace
Prepareth me for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Hath his own ſpirit giv'n.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather ſee:
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, from thee.

CCXLVIII. *Death and Eternity.*
C. M *Watts.*

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that uſe to riſe,
Converſe a while with death:
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulſes faint and few:
Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O the ſoul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, purſue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite deſpair.

5 And muſt my body faint and die?
And muſt this ſoul remove;
Oh, for ſome guardian Angels nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

6 Jeſus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked ſoul I truſt;
And my fleſh waits for thy command,
To drop into my duſt.

CCXLIX. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2 In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the ſkies,
To darkneſs, fire and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear:
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your face;
And thou, my ſoul, look downward too,
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of ſov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and ſome celeſtial band
To bear my ſoul away.

CCL. *Frail Life, and ſucceeding Eternity.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 [Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the Grave.]

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy or endleſs woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

CCLI. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

C. M. *Watts.*

1 MY ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down, and view,
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.]

3 O could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead;
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead:

4 Then ſhall we ſee the ſaints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters and this load:
And long for ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]

6 We ſhould almoſt forſake our clay
Before the ſummons come,
And pray, and wiſh your ſouls away
To their eternal home.

CCLII. *A Funeral Thought.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men come view the ground,
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs!
"The tall the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more,

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

CCLIII. *The Death of a Sinner.*
C. M. *Watts.*

1 MY Thoughts on awful ſubjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors ſeize the guilty ſoul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about theſe mortal ſhores,
She makes a long delay;
Till like a flood with rapid force,
Death ſweeps the wretch away.

3 Then ſwift and dreadful ſhe deſcends
Down to the fiery coaſt,
Amonſt abominable fiends;
Herſelf a frightful ghoſt.

4 There endleſs crouds of ſinners lie,
And darkneſs makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguiſh and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my ſoul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well inſur'd his love!

CCLIV. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*
C. M *Watts.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As faſt as time can move?
Nor ſhould we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing-day.

6 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the Skies.

CCLV. *The Death of a Sinner and Saint.*
L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 WHAT ſcenes of horror and of dread,
Await the ſinner's dying bed!
Death's terror all appear in ſight,
Preſages of eternal night.

2 His ſins in dreadful order riſe,
And fill his ſoul with ſad ſurpriſe;
Mount Sinai's thunder ſtuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs diſtract his breaſt,
Where'er he turns, he finds no reſt:
Death ſtrikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in diſpair and horror, dies.

4 Not ſo the heir of heavenly bliſs;
His ſoul is fill'd with conſcious peace;
A ſteady faith ſubdues his fear;
He ſees the happy canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and ſerene,
No terrors in his looks are ſeen;
His Saviour's ſmile diſpels the gloom,
And ſmooths his paſſage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love ſincere,
My judgment ſound and conſcience clear;
And when the toils of life are paſt,
May I be found in peace at laſt.

CCLVI. *The Death of a Believer.* 11's.

1 ['TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done! the ſpirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the chriſtian is dead;
The chriſtian is living in Jeſus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe are Jeſus's due;
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious, thro' Jeſus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er ſin, death and hell.]

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our captain and Lord, with ſhoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his paſſion, and follow their head,
To certain ſalvation ſhall ſurely be led.

4 O Jeſus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteouſneſs there,
Where dazz'led with glory, the ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee in ſilence of praiſe.

5 Within us diſplay thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to manſions on high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

CCLVII. *Death a Welcome Meſſenger.*
C. M. *Watts's Lyric's.*

1 LORD, when we ſee a ſaint of thine
Lie gaſping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We aſk thine envoy to convey
Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

3 Our ſouls are riſing on the wing,
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death hath loſt his ſting,
He has an angels face.

4 JESUS then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears ;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 O ! if my threat'ning ſins were gone
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away theſe interpoſing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

7 I'd leap at once my ſeventy years,
I'd ruſh into his arms,
And loſe my breath, and all my cares
Amid thoſe heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeleſs clay
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

CCLVIII. *Victory over death thro' Chriſt*
1 Cor. xv, 57. C. M.

1 WHEH death appears before my ſight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But ſee my glorious leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O, amazing power of love;)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim deſtroyer, boaſt
Thy univerſal ſway;
To heaven-born ſouls thy ſting is loſt,
Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee,
Accept the ſacred truſt,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt:

6 'Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe,
And cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies.

7 When thy triumphant armies ſing
The honors of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb;

8 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the bliſsful throng
Reſound ſalvation, power, and praiſe,
In everlaſting ſong.

CCLIX. *Deſiring to depart and be with Chriſt.*
Phil. i. 23. L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jeſus dwells my ſoul would be:
And faints my much lov'd Lord to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home!
Ye know the way to Jeſu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace.

5 As with a ſeraph's voice to ſing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands,
The preſent Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
We'll wait thy ſignal for the flight;
For while thy ſervice we purſue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

CCLX. *The Death of Moſes.* Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.—xxxiv. 5. C. M. *Watts's Lyric's.*

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To ſee thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and ſings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes the ſaint enjoys the ſame,
And heaven repeats the ſong.

3 While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To ſee a ſmiling God!

5 Sweet was the journey to the ſky,
The wond'rous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays God, "and die,"
The prophet climb'd and died.

6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt;
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And ſtretch my airy wings.

CCLXI. *Infants Dying in the arms of Jeſus.*

Mat. xix. 14. C. M. S. *Stennett.*

1 THY life I read, my deareſt Lord,
With tranſport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I ſee a thouſand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the ſmiling grace.

3 "I take theſe little lambs," ſaid he,
"And lay them in my breaſt;
"Protection they ſhall find in me,
"In me be ever bleſt.

4 "Death may the bands of life unlooſe,
"But can't diſſolve my love:
"Millions of infant-ſouls compoſe
"The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r ſhall raiſe,
"And mould with heav'nly ſkill:
"I'll give them tongues to ſing my praiſe,
"And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And ſhout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

XVI. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT OF *A FUTURE JUDGMENT.*

CCLXII. *The End of the World, Preparatory to Judgment.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 WHY ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds, where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2 While time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The Sun muſt end his race,
The earth and ſea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning riſe,
When the laſt trumpet's ſound
Shall call the nations to the Skies
From underneath the ground?

CCLXIII. *Behold he cometh.* Rev. i. 7. L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere;
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near,
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

CCLXIV. *The ſame.* P. M.

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jeſus now ſhall ever reign.

2 Every eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Meſſiah ſee,

3 Every iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth ſhall flee away,
All who hate him muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgement! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! amen! let all adore thee,
High on the exalted throne!
Saviour take thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

CCLV. *Lo he cometh.* P. M.

1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted head:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the judge appear:
Truth and juſtice go before him,
Now the joyful ſentence hear;
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, judge divine.

4 "Come ye bleſſed of my father,
"Enter into life and joy;
"Baniſh all your fears and ſorrows,
"Endleſs praiſe be your employ:
Hallelujah.
Welcome, welcome to the ſkies.

5 Now at once they riſe to glory,
Jesus brings them to the king;
There, with all the hoſts of heaven,
They eternal anthems ſing:
Hallelujah,
Boundleſs glory to the Lamb.

CCLXVI. *Preparation for the Judgment.* S. M. *doubled.*

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear;
Our caution'd ſouls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray:

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majeſty and pow'r
Thou ſhalt from heav'n come down;

Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears,
The ſolemn midnight cry,
" Ye dead, the Judge is come,
" Ariſe, and meet him in the ſky,
" And meet your inſtant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus enſure
A lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt!

CCLXVII. *Saints and Sinners in the Wreck of Nature.* Iſa. xxiv. 18—20. L. M. *Davies.*

1 HOW great, how terrible that God
Who ſhakes creation with his nod?
He frowns—earth, ſea all nature's frame,
Sink in one univerſal flame.

2 Where now, O where ſhall ſinners ſeek
For ſhelter in the general wreck;
Shall falling rocks o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like ſnow, diſſolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows toſt,
For ever—O for ever loſt.

4 But ſaints, undaunted and ſerene,
Your eyes ſhall view the dreadful ſcene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and ſkies diſſove in fire.

5 Jeſus, the helpleſs creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canſt preſerve my feeble ſoul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

CCLXVIII. *And the Books were opened*, Rev. xx. 12. L. M. Needham

1 METHINKS the laſt great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet ſound
That ſhakes the earth and rends the tomb,
And wakes the priſ'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her truſt,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both ſmall and great now quit their duſt,
And round the dread tribunal ſtand.

3 Behold the awful books diſplay'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every ſoul, the books aſſign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No pleas the judge will here regard.

5 Lord when theſe awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my ſoul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

CCLXIX. *The Final Sentence of the Wicked.*

Mat. xxv. 41. S. M. *Doddridge.*

1 AND will the Judge deſcend?
And muſt the dead ariſe;
And not a ſingle ſoul eſcape
His all-diſcerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread ſentence ſound:
And thro' the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black deſpair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlaſting flame,
"For rebel angels firſt prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Aſtoniſh'd ſhrink away.

5 But e'er the trumpet ſhakes
The manſions of the dead:
Hark, from the Goſpel's cheering ſound,
With joyful tidings ſpread.

6 Ye ſinners, ſeek his grace,
Whoſe wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the ſhelter of his croſs,
And find ſalvation there.

7 So ſhall the curſe remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the laſt awful day ſhall pour
His bleſſing on your head.

CCLXX. *The Final Sentence of the Righteous.*

Mat. xxv. 34. C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While JESUS from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hoſts,
Makes his laſt ſentence known.

2 When ſinners, curſed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his ſaints to heav'n:

3 "Bleſs'd of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"and riſe, with raptures, to poſſeſs
"The kingdom love prepar'd,

4 "Ere earth's foundations firſt were laid,
"His ſovereign purpoſe wrought,
"And rear'd thoſe palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There ſhall ye reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my power:
"While ſin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your ſouls no more."

6 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim;
And teach us language fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a name.

CCLXXI. *Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.* 8. 8 6.

1 WHEN thou my righteous judge ſhalt come
To fetch thy ranſom'd people home,
Shall I among them ſtand?
Shall ſuch a worthleſs worm as I,
Who ſometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vileſt of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name ſhould be left out,
When thou for them ſhalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day,
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To ſtill thy unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among thy ſaints be found,
Whene'er th' archangels trump ſhall ſound,
To ſee thy ſmiling face;
Then loudeſt of the croud I'll ſing,
While heaven's reſounding manſions ring,
With ſhouts of ſov'reign grace.

XVII. HYMNS

SUITED TO THE SUBJECTS OF

HEAVEN AND HELL.

§ 1. HEAVEN.

CCLXXII. *The Proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-with'ring flowr's:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe;
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtreams, nor deaths cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

CCLXXIII. *The Promis'd Land.*
C. M. S *Stennett.*

1 ON Jordan's ſtormy banks I ſtand,
And caſt a wiſhful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my poſſeſſions lie.

2 O the tranſporting rapt'rous ſcene,
That riſes to my ſight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er thoſe wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And ſcatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poiſ'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful ſhore:
Sickneſs, and ſorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When ſhall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bleſt?
When ſhall I ſee my Father's face
And in his boſom reſt?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd ſoul
Can here no longer ſtay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearleſs I'd launch away.

CCLXXIV. *The Humble Worſhip of Heaven.* C. M. *Watts.*

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they ſhrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal all.

6 There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty and in bliſs;
While leſs than nothing I could boaſt,
And Vanity confeſs.]

7 The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

CCLXXV. *The ſame.* John xvii. 24.
L. M. *Steele.*

1 O For a ſweet, inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms, where Jeſus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring ſaints and angels fall;
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love and joy, and triumph ſpread,
Thro' all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Awake our faith and warm deſire;

6 Dear Saviour, let thy ſpirit ſeal
Our int'reſt in that bliſsful place;
'Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

CCLXXVI. *The Joys of Heaven.*
C. M. *Steele.*

1 COME Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more:
But cloath'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright!
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
'Till in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

§ 2. HELL.

CCLXXVII. *Hell: or, the Vengeance of God.*
L. M. *Watts.*

1 WITH holy fear and humble ſong,
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep where darkneſs dwells,
The land of horror and deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of veng'ance there.

3 There guilty ghoſts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

4 Tremble, my ſoul, and kiſs the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Elſe your damnation haſtens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

CCLXXVIII. *Hell, the Sinner's own Place.*
Acts. i. 25. C. M. *Ryland.*

1 LORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
To "his own place" conſign'd,
What holy fear and humble hope
Alternate fill my mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But ſav'd by matchleſs grace,
Or elſe the loweſt, hotteſt hell
Had ſurely been my place.

3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward ruſh'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy juſtice might have ſhone.

4 But lo! (what wond'rous matchleſs love!)
I call a place my own
On earth within the Goſpel ſound,
And at thy gracious throne.

5 A place is mine among thy ſaints,
A place at Jeſu's feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where ſaints and angel's meet.

6 Bleſt Lamb of God, thy ſovereign grace
To all around I'd tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whoſe juſt deſert was hell.

XVIII. HYMNS
SUITED TO THE SUBJECTS OF *MORNING AND EVENING.*

§ 1. MORNING.

CCLXXIX. *A Morning Hymn.*
C. M.

1 TO thee, let my firſt off'rings riſe,
Whoſe ſun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And ſpotleſs as his ray.

2 This day thy ſavouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchſaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply!
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliſs thy providence impart,
For which reſign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without guilt be gay!

4 Affliction ſhould thy love attend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

5 Be this and every future day,
Still wiſer than the paſt!
And when I all my life ſurvey
May grace ſuſtain at laſt.

CCLXXX. *A Morning Hymn.*
C. M. *Turner.*

1 WITH thee, great God, the ſtores of light,
And ſtores of darkneſs lie:
Thou form'ſt the ſable robe of night,
And ſpread'ſt it round the ſky.

2 And when with welcome ſlumbers preſs'd,
We cloſe our weary eyes,
Thy power, unſeen, ſecures our reſt,
And makes us joyous riſe.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom:
And loſt the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on reſtleſs beds ſtill lie,
And ſtill their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thouſand pleaſures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful ſongs,
Our morning thoughts ariſe?
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing ſacrifice.

CCLXXXI. *A Morning Hymn.*

S. M. S———.

1 SEE how the morning ſun
Purſues his ſhining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praiſe,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my riſing ſoul
Its heavenly parent ſing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I ſlept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preſerver near!

4 Thus does thine arm ſupport
This weak defenceleſs frame;
But whence theſe favours, Lord, to me,
All worthleſs as I am?

1 O! how ſhall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble ſpirit pants beneath
The pleaſing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy croſs
I bring my ſacrifice;
'Ting'd with thy blood, it ſhall aſcend
With fragrance to the ſkies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy ſervice I would ſpend
A long eternity.

§ 2. EVENING.

CCLXXXII. *An Evening Hymn.*
L. M.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening ſong
With humble gratitude I raiſe,
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praiſe.

2 My days unclouded, as they paſs,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witneſs to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this thoughtleſs, wretched heart,
Too oft regardleſs of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveneſs in the blood
Of Jeſus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this bleſt hope mine eye-lids cloſe,
With ſleep refreſh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repoſe,
And wake with praiſes to thy name.

CCLXXXIII. *An Evening Hymn.*

C. M. *M*———. J. Mason

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening ſacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More ſwift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new ſong require:
'Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our hearts deſire.

4 Lord of our days whoſe hand hath ſet
New time upon the ſcore;
Thee may we praiſe for all our time,
When time ſhall be no more.

* CCLXXXIV. *An Evening Hymn.*

C. M.

1 KIND Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong,
Like holy incenſe, riſe;
Aſſiſt the off'ring of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Has my creator found!

4 Lord with this guilty heart of mine
Unto thy croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

5 Beſprinkled with thy precious blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

XIX. HYMNS
ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

CCLXXXV. *The firſt promiſe.* Gen. iii. 15.
L. M. *Beddome.*

1 WHEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam our head and parent fell:
Unknown before, a pleaſure ſpread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to ſee
The new-made world deſtroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.

3 Serpent accurs'd, thy ſentence read:
"Almighty vengeance thou ſhalt feel;
"The woman's ſeed ſhall break thy head,
"Thy malice, faintly bruiſe his heel."

4 Thus God declares, and Chriſt deſcends,
Aſſumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilſt in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.

4 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the Prince of Darkneſs feels,
And ſinks oppreſs'd beneath his woes.

CCXXXVI. *And Enoch walked with God.* Gen. v. 24. C. M. *Cowper.*

1 OH! for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul refreſhing view
Of Jeſus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt;
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt,

5 The deareſt idol I have known.
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CCLXXXVII. *The Deceitfulneſs of Sin.* Heb. iii. 13. C. M. *Watts.*

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks he tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our Mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

CCXXXVIII. *The ſame.* 7's. *Newton.*

1 SIN When view'd by ſcripture light,
Is a horrid hateful, ſight;

But when ſeen in ſatan's glaſs,
Then it wears a pleaſing face.

2 When the goſpel trumpet ſounds,
When I think how grace abounds,
When I feel ſweet peace within,
Then I'd rather die than ſin.

3 When the croſs I view by faith,
Sin is madneſs, poiſon, death;
Tempt me not, 'tis all in vain,
Sure I ne'er can yield again.

4 Satan for a while debarr'd,
When he finds me off my guard,
Puts his glaſs before my eyes,
Quickly other thoughts ariſe.

5 What before excited fears
Rather pleaſing now appears;
If a ſin, it ſeems ſo ſmall,
Or, perhaps, no ſin at all.

6 Often thus, thro' ſin's deceit,
Grief, and ſhame, and loſs I meet;
Like a fiſh, my ſoul miſtook,
Saw the bait, but not the hook.

7 O my Lord, what ſhall I ſay;
How can I preſume to pray?
Not a word have I to plead,
Sins, like mine, are black indeed!

8 Made, by paſt experience, wiſe.
Let me learn thy word to prize;
Taught by what I've felt before,
Let me Satan's glaſs abhor.

CCLXXXIX. *Lord are there few that be saved?*
Luke xiii. 23. S. M. *Newton.*

1 DESTRUCTION's dangerous road
What multitudes purſue!
While that which leads the ſoul to God,
Is known or ſought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Chriſt the living gate;
But they who will not leave their ſin,
Complain it is too ſtrait.

3 If ſelf muſt be deny'd,
And ſin forſaken quite;
They rather chooſe the way that's wide,
And ſtrive to think it right.

4 Encompaſs'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
So many ſurely, can't be wrong,
And miſs a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few are ſav'd in Noah's ark
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the goſpel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Chriſt is always ſmall,
And none are ſafe but they.

7 Lord, open ſinners eyes,
Their awful ſtate to ſee;
And make them, ere the ſtorm ariſe,
To thee for ſafety flee.

CCXC. *Your Adverſary the Devil, as a roaring Lion, walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour.* 1 Peter v. 8. C. M. *Watts.*

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to deſtroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye Sons of God, oppoſe his rage;
Reſiſt, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage,
And vanquiſh him alone.

3 Now he appears almoſt divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old ſerpent lurks within,
When he aſſumes the dove.

4 Fly from the falſe deceiver's tongue,
Ye ſons of Adam fly;
Our parents found the ſnare too ſtrong,
Nor ſhould the children try.

CCXCI. *Loveſt thou me.* John. xxi. 16, 7's. *Newton.*

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love!

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chuſe the way I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou who art thy peoples' ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

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CCXCII. *Prayer for Universal Peace.*
L. M.

1 O HASTE the time, thou prince of peace
When war no more shall lift the shield;
But wrath, and strife, and lust of spoil,
To thee their sanguine trophies yield.

2 Repress the horrid waste of life,
Destroy the warrior's trade in blood,
And say, to all the tribes of earth
Be still, and know that I am God.

3 Lord Jesus, speed the promis'd day,
When love shall hold unbounded reign,
And union sheathe the flaming sword,
That hangs o'er desolation's plain.

4 Ah! come ye happy moments, come,
When the whole earth shall own one Lord;
And thou the prince, the king of peace,
In peace, for ever be ador'd.

CCXCIII. *The Stony Heart.*
L. M. *Medley.*

1 LORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies, O impart,
And *take away this stony heart!*

2 *'Tis this hard heart* which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;
This causes all my woe and smart,—
Lord, take away this stony heart!

3 *'Tis this hard heart* I feel within,
Which ſlights thy grace, and cleaves to ſin,
Sure 'tis of hell the counterpart;
Lord, take away this ſtony heart!

4 *'Tis this hard heart* which day by day
Would ſhut my mouth, nor let me pray,
Yea, would from ev'ry duty ſtart;
Lord, take away this ſtony heart!

5 Sure the bleſs'd day will ſhortly come,
When this *hard heart* ſhall know its doom,
When I no more ſhall ſin retain,
Nor of a *ſtony heart* complain.

6 Yes, friendly death, with welcome ſtroke,
Will looſe the chain—will break the yoke;
And, when arriv'd on glory's ſhore,
A *ſtony heart* be felt no more.

CCXCIV. *The Loving Kindneſs of God.*

L. M. *Medley.*

1 AWAKE my ſoul in joyful lays,
And ſing thy great Redeemer's praiſe.
He juſtly claims a ſong from me,
His loving kindneſs is ſo free.

2 He ſaw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithſtanding all,
And ſav'd me from my loſt eſtate,
His loving kindneſs is ſo great.

3 When I was ſatan's eaſy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid his life for my diſcharge,
His loving kindneſs is ſo large.

4 Thro' mighty hoſts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppoſe,
He ſafely leads my ſoul along,
His loving kindneſs is ſo ſtrong.

5 When earthly friends forſake me quite,
And I have neither ſkill nor might,
He's ſure my helper to appear,
His loving kindneſs is ſo near.

6 Often I feel my ſinful heart
Prone from my Jeſus to depart,
And tho' I often have him forgot,
His loving kindneſs changes not.

CCXCV. *Fellowſhip with God.*
C. M. *Medley.*

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Ariſe, my ſoul, and ſtrive to gain
Sweet fellowſhip with God.

2 Say what is there beneath the ſkies,
In all the paths thou'ſt trod,
Can ſuit thy wiſhes or thy joys,
Like *fellowſhip with God.*

3 Not life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleaſure's flow'ry road,
Can to my ſoul ſuch bliſs impart,
As *fellowſhip with God,*

4 When I am made, in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, ſweet, and kind the ſtrokes appear,
Thro' *fellowſhip with God.*

5 In fierce temptation's fiery blaſt,
Or dark deſertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taſte
Some *fellowſhip with God.*

6 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my lateſt breath
In *fellowſhip with God.*

CCXCVI. *Chriſtian Fellowſhip.* S. M. *Beddome.*

1 LET party names no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Chriſt their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

CCXCVII. *The ſame.* S. M. *Fawcett.*

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Chriſtian love;
The fellowſhip of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual woes;
Our mutuals burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The ſympathizing tear.

4 When we aſſunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to ſee the day.

6 From ſorrow, toil, and pain,
And ſin, we ſhall be free;
And perfect love and friendſhip reign
Thro' all eternity.

CCXCVIII. *Looking unto Jeſus.* Heb. xii. 2.
7's. *Newton.*

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But ſince the ſaviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord by faith in view;
This ſtrength ſupplies and motives too.

3 I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear, and ſuffer for his ſake.

4 Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed,
And by the ſight from guilt am freed;
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heavenly life within.

5 To look to Jeſus as he roſe,
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes:
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I ſee him make my cauſe his own;
Then all my anxious cares ſubſide,
For Jeſus lives and will provide.

7 I ſee him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown;
If preſs'd with griefs and cares before,
My ſoul revives, nor aſks no more.

8 By faith I ſee the hour at hand,
When in his preſence I ſhall ſtand;
Then it will be my endleſs bliſs,
To ſee him where and as he is.

CCXCIX. *I will ſing of the mercies of the Lord,*
Pſalm lxxxix. 1. 11's. S———. Stock.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my ſong,
The joy of my heart, and the boaſt of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the firſt to the laſt,
Hath won my affections, and bound my ſoul faſt.

2 Without thy ſweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter deſpair;
But thro' thy free goodneſs, my ſpirits revive,
And he that firſt made me, ſtill keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardneſs depart;
Diſſolv'd by thy goodneſs, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praiſe of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy ſtands open all day
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No ſinner ſhall ever be empty ſent back,
Who comes ſeeking mercy for Jeſus's ſake.

5 Thy mercy in Jeſus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll ſing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jeſus my friend when he hung on the tree;
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great father of mercies, thy goodneſs I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd ſon:
All praiſe to the ſpirit, whoſe whiſper divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteouſneſs mine.

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